FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE.

MODES OF SPRING—Special Fashion Section in this Issue.

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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXX. No. 1677 MAR. 12, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

NIP THAT COLD IN THE BUD WITH

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Stop that cold with

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Vapex is pleasant and refreshing — so much so that many people make a daily habit of putting a drop on their handkerchiefs. Vapex is economical too; a drop placed on the handkerchief in the morning, or on the pillow at night, gives many hours of protection or relief.

Of all Chemists 2/- and 3/-
(Double quantity in 3/- size.)

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V. 76

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Scarf to match 10/6

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British made, from 3/11 per pair

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A novel Travel Coat made in the new Genson cloth, which has a knotted surface and is very becoming. The pockets are smartly finished with strappings carried through the belt, and the sleeve has an unusual cuff. This model is in the new Copper Jacque shade, but can be made to order in nile green, locano blue, ivory, nut brown, beige or lime.

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This distinctive "Highwayman" Coat is made in the new locano blue Basket Weave and is trimmed with silver buttons. The back is neatly finished with a half belt, and fastened with buttons to match front. This model is also obtainable in forest green, beige, nut brown, navy, black, nile green or copper.

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HARVEY NICHOLS' tradition is a century old . . . but it is very carefully adapted to the needs of to-day. Just as their fashions present all that is newest and best, so their prices are modified to appeal to the woman of taste and individuality whose purse is restricted to present day limits.

(Right)

A MOST attractive ensemble in contrasting shades of georgette. The sleeveless Gown has a becoming yoke and soft cowl collar in the lighter shade; the coatee introduces it in the deep wing sleeve. In black with white, pink, teal, or royal; also in brown/beige, and light green / dark green. Hip fittings 44, 46, 48 ins.

8½ gns.

(Left)

INEXPENSIVE, yet exclusive—a very smart Coat Frock in lightweight lainage, with soft revers revealing a novel waistcoat of suède crêpe. Waistcoat and cuff are finished with new metal buttons. Red, green, brown, navy, black. Hip fittings 42, 44, 46 ins.

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NEW WOOL-LINED TOP-COAT

● Here's a stimulating Jaeger coat on arrogantly masculine lines. You can have it in a sweeping range of spirited tweeds. You can choose either Raglan or Set-in sleeves. And, as if all this were not enough, Jaeger throw in a cherishing featherweight woollen lining and prodigal apron-front pockets. All at the whimsical price of

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The Kestos Brassière—seemingly a mere wisp of fascinating lingerie—is, in reality, a very skilfully cut garment with a subtle cross-way pull, which delicately moulds and emphasizes feminine contours.

Worn with a girdle of Kestos inspiration, which cleverly provides support where most needed, it makes a charming set for everyday wear.

A large range of Kestos Girdles at various prices. Kestos Brassière in seven sizes. Prices 3/11 to 22/6. Sold everywhere.

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Causton

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 12, 1932

THE CENSOR OF THE ROW

Sir Walter Gilbey Commends the Riding Kit of Miss Norma Feather as being "Almost Perfect" for the Row

Last week the dovecots—and stables—of London were fluttered by a vigorous protest by Sir Walter Gilbey, a prominent figure of the horse-breeding world, against the slipshod and careless dress affected by a large number of horsemen and horsewomen riding in Rotten Row. The hatless and the wearers of pull-overs came in especially for censure and a marked increase in smartness has been noted since Sir Walter's comment precipitated a "row in the Row." Sir Walter is seen above commending the riding kit worn by Miss Norma Feather who, it may be discerned, is carrying her hat in her hand. Sir Walter, himself, it will be noted, is wearing, as might be expected of our modern *Arbiter Elegantiae*, the formal dress the elder generation deemed the only proper attire in which to stroll in the Park

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.

A London New

ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY IMPORT SHALL PAY ITS DUTY: The Advisory Tariff Committee sitting at Caxton House, Westminster. The seated figures are Sir Sydney Chapman, Sir George May (Chairman), and Sir Allan Powell; the standing figures are Sir Alfred Hurst and Mr. Ashley

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 9, 1932.

THE BULL RUSHES OUT.

—Man is composed of bull and bear, and the bull in him is predominating at the moment. Any occasion for optimism he makes full use of. Last week he found such occasions and he tossed hats in the air. There was the cessation of hostilities in the Shanghai area, and we took from that such mild comfort as it afforded. The Settlement, at any rate, was free from the danger and noise of shell fire, though the prospects of a secure settlement (of another sort) are not too rosy. All through, our own attitude towards Japan has called for explanation. On the face of it China has a just grievance against us and the League. We appear to have let her suffer in a determination not to offend Japan. In this respect it is worth remarking that even in China, and among China merchants in this country, there exists a strong feeling of the justice of Japan's grievances. Unquestionably our own policy in China has been wrong ever since the Great War; Young China has long suffered from swollen head, has dreamed of putting the foreigner (including us) outside the door, and needs in its present chaos to be put in its place. This explanation seems to account for Sir John Simon's restraint in his dealings with Japan. There is also the economic consideration, and that is manifold. Japan is a great market and so is China. We supply both Japan and China, they are very vital markets. China takes 70 per cent. of Japan's output of goods. There can be no settlement acceptable to Japan which leaves it open to China to continue to boycott Japanese goods. The row to be hoed is long. But a peace parley in prospect gave us the handle we needed to turn on a Spring song.

. . . .

And then there is our own amazingly improved financial position. This indeed is a rose without a thorn. It is clear now that we shall budget for the lowest estimates for eight years. We have got below the £800,000,000 mark at last. Actual cuts (economies) will reach nearly £80,000,000 instead of £70,000,000. Revenue returns have exceeded all expectations. Foreign short-term credits have been repaid beyond expectation in time and amount. We are paying our way. We stand in the war-worn section of civilization in a splendid isolation of "living-within-our-means." And our industry fairs encourage the hope of returning markets and new markets. As a result the foreigner is sending his savings to London, to the best darned stocking available. It is not yet time to holler, the wood is dense and illimitable but we have made incredible progress and may pause, take breath, and shake hands with one another.

THE EXAMPLE OF CINCINNATUS.

—If only our public men would follow the example of Cincinnatus and retire into private life when they have completed their task, how greatly it would redound to the advantage of this country and to their own reputations. Cincinnatus having saved the Roman Army from the Æquians returned to his farm, and thereby so perfectly preserved his reputation (as a born leader in a crisis, if not as a farmer), that at the age of eighty he was called out to save Rome again. Think if Lloyd George had done the same sort of thing in 1918; what agonies had been spared this country, what loss his reputation! And now Snowden. If he had retired with his Viscounty and his *panache* to Tilford, we should have declared he was the noblest Roman of them all. As it is, half in, half out, he continues to trouble Israel, to stir up new class hatred at a vital moment. And why? Because, being still in the limelight, he must justify himself, must for ever put himself right by putting others wrong, whitewash himself by blackening the Government. And in doing so, his own reputation suffers. He is the last man in the world to let loose the dogs of class-war on a rumour of reduction of income tax. For only yesterday he himself unequivocally declared income tax was crippling industry. Oh, if these public men would read history and learn the dignity and wisdom of silence and seclusion. No one is indispensable—certainly not those who have sung their "Nunc Dimittis."

A TASK AND THE MAN.

—There seems some probability that both Houses will once more get together and explore the well-trodden avenues of House of Lords reform. It is Spring, and who knows that they may not find beneath a woodstack (or woolsack) a hidden primrose which will gladden all hearts? They are well advised if they mean business and the thrashing out of an acceptable formula. It occurs to me that an ideal draughtsman is ready to their hands. Colonel Headlam, M.P. for Barnard Castle and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, is an acknowledged authority on the subject. He passed all his professional life as a clerk in the House of Lords, and his present post in the Government cannot very greatly tax his capacity for hard work and clear thinking. Colonel Headlam is known to the peers, he is respected by the Socialists to whom he does not fear to speak unpalatable truth, and he is respected by his own party. If he appear sometimes impatient of restraint, it is not so much criticism as procrastination and compromise which make his blood boil. Here is an important task which needs doing, and he is a man well qualified to set about it.

MASTERPIECES.

— With a literary friend last Sunday I passed an instructive quarter-hour among the literary pages of a famous Sunday newspaper. The task we set ourselves was to count up, fairly and accurately, the number of new books acclaimed in publishers' advertisements to belong to the rank of *Masterpiece*. We decided (rightly) to reject all such claims unsupported by quotation from press reviews. We knew enough to assess at their true value claims to immortality transcribed from the wrappers of such books — those précis of the rose-coloured dreams of authors who have just handed over their completed MSS. and believe they have "done it at last." This restriction narrowed our field but left us a great harvest of new genius. We counted up to fourteen new novels alone, which press reviewers had testified to be the equal or the superior of various world-known masterpieces, or possessed of a beauty or a brilliance which justified the epithet "inexpressible." True, sometimes the publishers relied for their most dazzling superlatives on journals little known outside the four-mile radius of a county town. The *Auburn Advertiser* would declare: "nothing so lovely has been given to the world in our time," or "incredibly, sublimely beautiful," or "a masterpiece if ever there was one." But very, very often the testimony of genius was given by a well-known journal. Think of it! Fourteen new works of genius in the field of novels alone in a single week! How is one to keep pace with all that is finest in current literature?

. . . .

But I don't want to be flippant about it. It is not a subject for joking. If only reviewers, if only publishers, would realize it, this sickening, cut-throat competition for superlatives is breeding a disillusioned and disappointed reading public. My own friends have grown to smile disdainfully at publishers' advertisements and as a result of sharp disappointment to declare that modern novels are for the most part not worth reading. And this is unfortunate, because the book trade is depressed, and at no time in our history has so large a percentage of well written and readable novels been published. Publishers are cutting their own throats in this sickening boosting competition. And reviewers How we react to the days of Macaulay and serious literary criticism. How we value the dozen serious literary critics who strive to discriminate and to keep a sense of proportion. We cannot blame the rest. Their journals have no space for elaborate literary review. They themselves are snowed under by the weight of new publications and keep their heads above the flood by accepting the author at his own or his publisher's valuation. That is safe and easy and takes no time. But it does not long deceive the public. It is killing demand.

THE LAST STRAW.

—If you remember *Lorna Doone*, you will recall that the country folk for generations suffered the Doone bandits to levy blackmail upon them, to thieve and pillage and kidnap their women. Then one day these bandits in hideous fun laid hands on a baby, and the good folk of Exmoor rose up and exterminated the Doones. The Doones of America have had a long run. They have broken the laws of God and man, murdered, stolen, ravished, and no concerted effort to check them has ever been made. They can always seduce their judges and gaolers and juries in God's own country where Mammon talks. But the kidnapping of Lindbergh's baby may make the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. The hold which this child has on the hearts of America is hard to describe. It is about equal to the combined hold on the heart of a sentimental British matron of the Prince of Wales and Princess Elizabeth. Official America has utterly failed to deal adequately with gunmen and blackmailers and kidnappers, and all that vast polyglot underworld of thugs which makes America's claim to be civilised a mere joke to happier nations, which cannot comprehend the difficulties of a polyglot nation of sentimentalists. Now perhaps Sam Citizen will rise up in his millions and shoot up his underworld, and drain the cesspool on which he builds his palaces and art museums and universities.

THE UNIVERSAL UNCLE.

—Lord Trenchard's decision to give to the police a wider latitude (to admonish instead of to summons) in minor motoring offences is sound, necessary, and welcome. It is believed that this decision will reduce motoring summonses by 70 per cent., and to that immense extent the police will be freed to deal more effectively with the enterprising burglar, who of late has had no time to spare to lie basking in the sun. I have great hopes that another result may come. I think that it will encourage the police to pull up road hogs and put it across them. I am quite certain that fear of time-wasting police court proceedings has long deterred the police

sletter

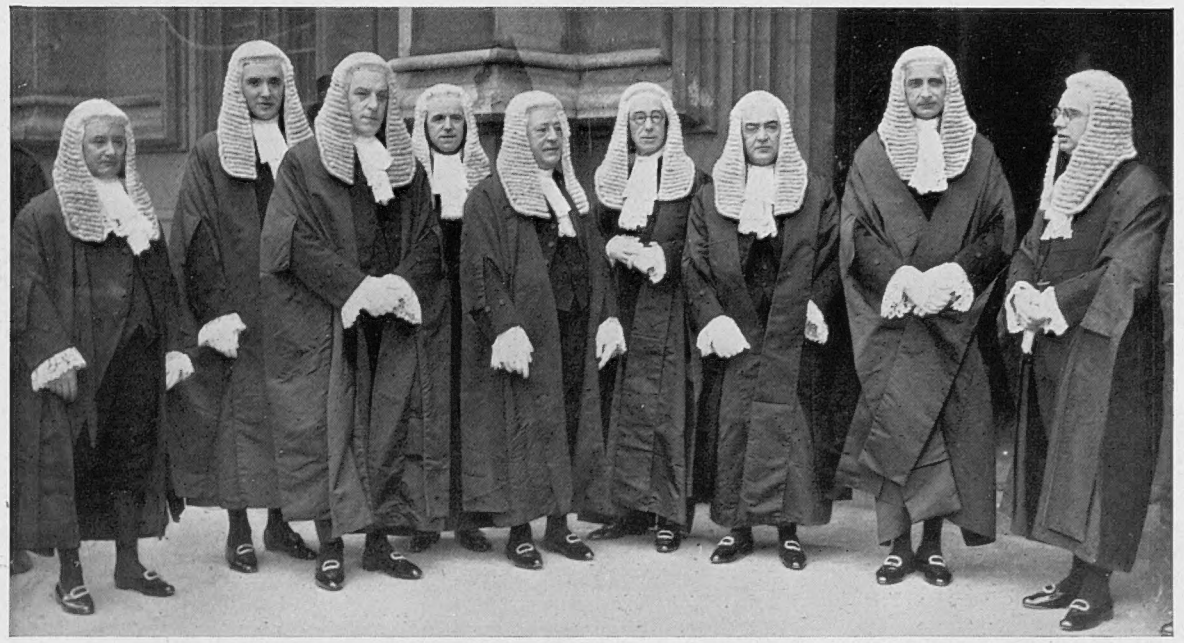
from doing their duty, and that the road hog will get not less but more notice on the roads he makes so unpleasant for others. I don't think the decision will breed a race of bullies in blue. Mr. Arthur Penn the other day gave the police authorities a salutary lesson on that head. It is a lesson which I happen to know was taken to heart. There are plenty of cases of outrage on the road which justify the strongest warning, and there is no need for the police henceforth to save their faces by substituting an unmerited warning for a dubious summons. The Universal Uncle adds one more item to his long list of avuncular duties, guide, philosopher, friend, and mentor.

DROUGHT AND DESOLATION.—The warning by the National Trust as to the danger of heath fires would have been more effective if it had been made earlier. Forty days of drought made our southern commons like tinder, and already Nature, in league with the fag-smoking motor-cyclist, the tribe of mischievous small boys, and the commoner who owns a goat, and believes that by burning he can produce sweet grass and not willow herb, has done her worst. I live surrounded by National Trust commons, and as far as the eye can reach there is nothing left but blackened heather and twisted and charred gorse stems, resembling rusted wire. The National Trust is an excellent body, but it possesses no effective powers over those who despoil its territory. Its rangers are usually dear old men with rheumatic knees and kindly, tolerant hearts. Every area of heath common needs above all things a vigorous local body of Fascists, pledged to ensure the preservation of its own local commons, by force if necessary. The time has come for villagers to defend themselves and their heritage against the vandalism of visitors and other ne'er-do-weels.

POINT-TO-POINT SEASON.—The car park is nine times in ten a quaking bog; the wind is from the north-east and searching; the "good hunting country" is represented by a dozen little fences pruned down knee high, only the last of which is visible from the "enclosure." The local baronet and retired Major-General in neat gaiters control affairs from the wagon, jostled by a quiverful of red-nosed daughters. The tipsters are seedier, and the bookies more raucous than need be, and the churned soil of the pasture is thick inlaid with patins of sucked orange. And Major Bilberry, with his hawk nose and hungry face and tooth-brush moustache, has come from Cheltenham, to win three out of five events, at 7-4 on, riding highly trained 'chasers which have been seen at three meets during the past season in charge of a second horseman. A fine old British institution.

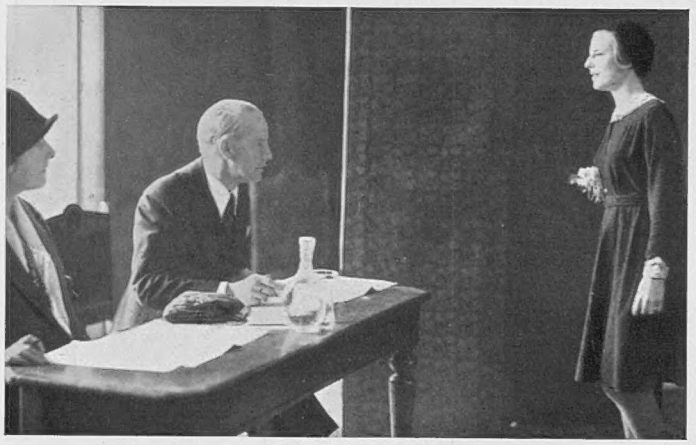
BRIAND.—Paris will not be Paris, nor Geneva Geneva, nor Europe what we have come to regard it, without Aristide Briand. He was, to my mind, the very prototype of the French politician of our age, and the most typical of Frenchmen. His swift and lasting career in politics was largely due to his skill as an orator, and that oratory owed most to his magic, sonorous voice and an uncanny sense of the mood of his audience. Strongly inculcated in him were the chief characteristics of the French peasant—all save meanness. He was shrewd, without being intellectual, at once determined and lazy-minded, witty without being quick, cunning while he was honest, a cynic with high ideals (was he not joint-author of the Kellogg pact, an inspirer of the Locarno treaties, the League's best friend?). He had the Frenchman's passion for fishing, the Frenchman's expert knowledge in the fine art of gastronomy; and in public he revealed all the Frenchman's charm, simplicity, untidiness, logic and disbelief in the essential nobility of man. And he was besides, a big man, a dignified figure, a lion among jackals. Greatness he just missed, thanks to a natural indolence of mind and just a little too much natural cleverness. It was said of him that his information was always gleaned from conversation, never from study; and he was by temperament and habit more akin spiritually to Bohemia than to the matter-of-fact and pompous world of public life. After all, without character there is no immortality. And here, of course, I do not use the word character in the sense of moral character or reputation.

THE OLD STAGER.



KING'S COUNSEL: The ten new K.C.'s appointed recently were sworn in before the Lord Chancellor at the House of Lords last week. The ten "called within the Bar" were: Sir Maurice Amos, Mr. S. C. N. Goodman, the Hon. S. O. Henn Collins, Mr. R. Burrows, Mr. L. T. Thorp, Mr. K. M. Macmorran, Mr. J. M. Tucker, Mr. E. L. Fleming, Mr. W. Gorman and Mr. H. S. J. Hughes

YOUNG NIMRODS OF 1932: A group of young prize-winners at the National Pony Society Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, in conjunction with the Arab Horse Society Show. The standard of both horseflesh and riders was exceptionally high



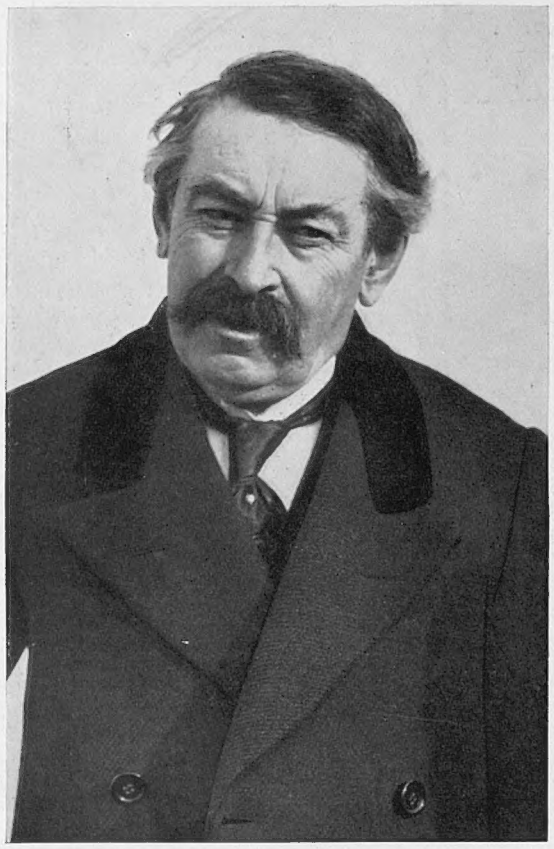
ORATORY: Miss Marjorie Granger of East Moseley speaking in the competition organized at Caxton Hall, Westminster, by the Primrose League. The judges were Miss Stanton and Mr. H. D. Lorimer. One of the subjects for address was "Why I Should Buy British"

THE MARRIAGE CHURCH AS A CHRISTENING CHURCH: The scene outside St. Margaret's, Westminster, when the baby daughter, Tessa, of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley was named

ANGLO-SCOTTISH: The English Badminton Team which met Scotland in an International match at the Royal Horticultural Hall. The English team preserved their unbeaten record, winning by nine matches to love

POINT-TO-POINT: Captain Sir J. Carew Pole, Bt., Mrs. Omrod and Lady Carew Pole at the Bicester and Warden meet

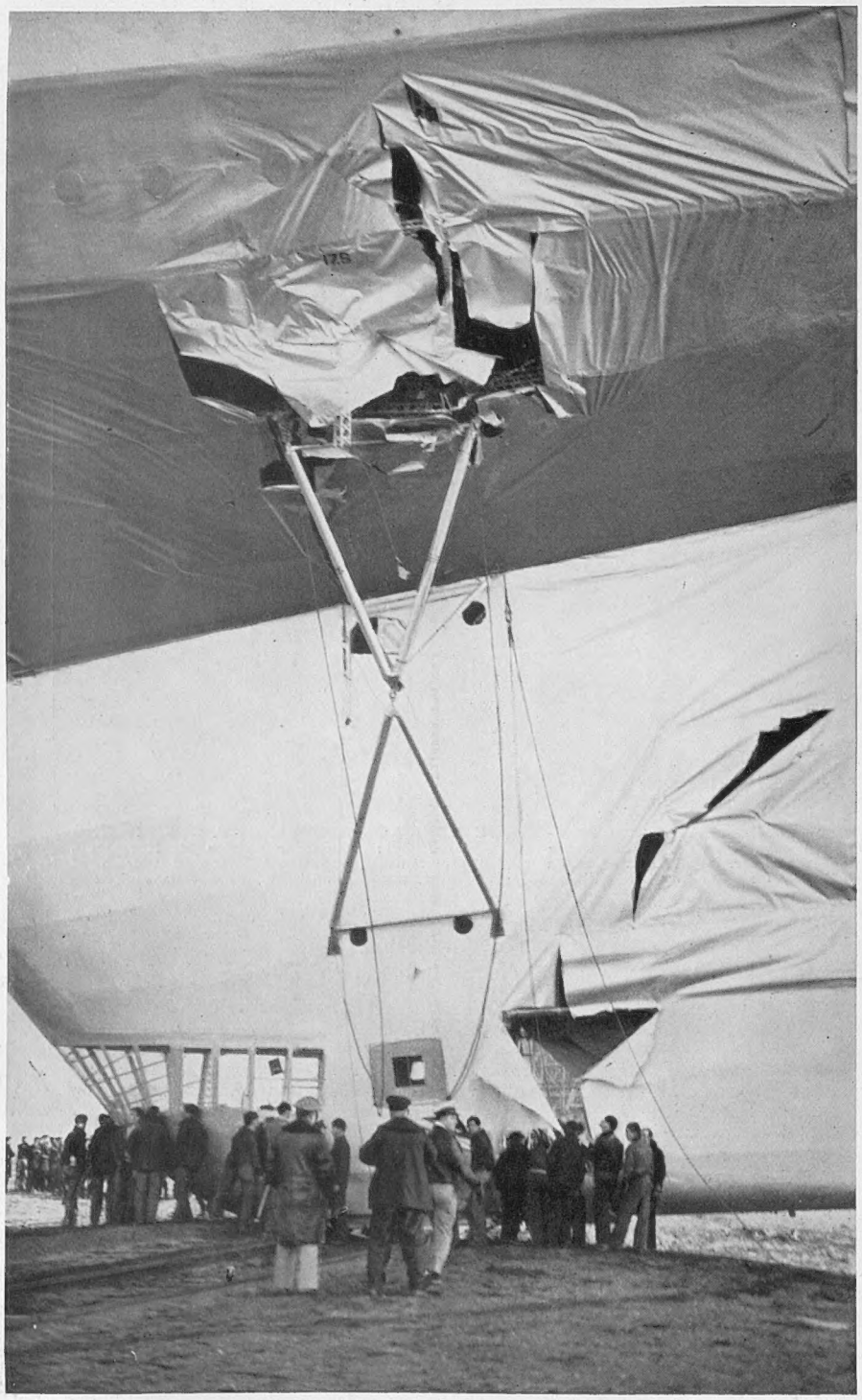
THE WORLD ABROAD



THE PEACE-MAKER WITH THE SILVER TONGUE: M. Aristide Briand, whose death has robbed the League of Nations and the cause of world peace of its most vital, most interesting, and most valuable advocate. M. Briand died suddenly after it was thought he had recovered

HONOUR TO THE IMMORTAL: The Press representatives outside the house in Avenue Kleber where M. Briand died last Monday

WASHINGTON HONOURED IN NEW YORK: The scene in Fifth Avenue when 20,000 troops marched in procession in celebration of the bi-centenary of the birth of George Washington. The picture was taken in Madison Square and shows the Empire State Building in the middle distance



A GIANT DAMAGED: The *Akron*, the largest dirigible in the world, was seriously damaged when its stern fin was smashed into the ground by a gust of wind when the ship was being prepared for a flight with five Representatives of Congress aboard. Two members of the ground crew sustained painful injuries

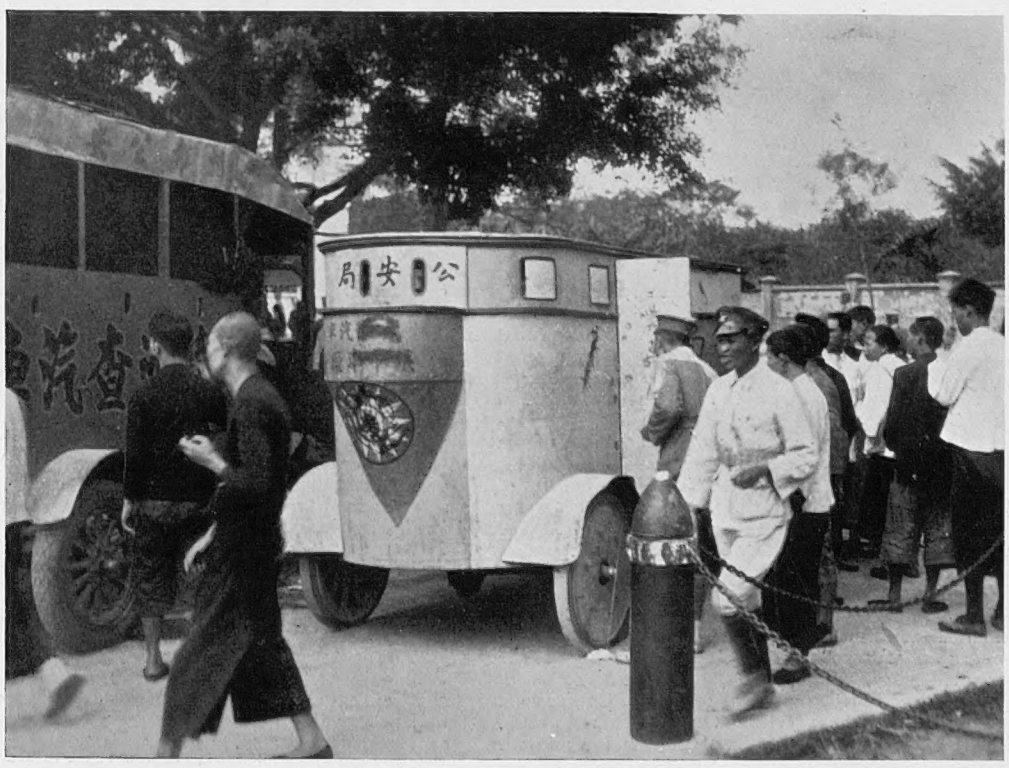
GERMANY SPEAKS to-day through many voices. One that is opposed to the swashbuckling and sabre-rattling of Hitler is that of the Iron Front, the Republican organization, here addressed in the Lustgarten by Herr Wels, Chairman of the Social Democratic Party

FROM SHANGHAI

THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER: British troops march into Shanghai to defend the lives and property of British nationals. The fact that "tin hats" form part of the order of the day is an indication of continued tension

A CHINESE GENERAL RISKS HIS LIFE: In contravention of the usual modern Chinese practice, General Tsai Ting-Kai, Commander of the 19th Route Army, was in the firing line encouraging his troops on the Woosung Front, where they put up a stiff—if unavailing—resistance to the forces of Japan

GENERAL TSAI TING-KAI who commanded the heavily attacked 19th Army and delayed the Japanese advance for days



A MODERN ENGINE OF WAR DECORATED WITH ANCIENT SYMBOLS: A Chinese tank in Chapei in whose narrow alleys the Japanese army met a severe stumbling block. The resistance the Chinese put up, and the heroism of some of the commanders, came as a surprise

BROKEN CHINA: A scene in Chapei which suffered heavily from the Japanese bombardment and presents a deplorable "aftermath" of completely gutted streets

KIDNAPPING AS AN AME

The Lindbergh Kidnapping has Rivetted the Attention of the World Once Again upon the Gigantic Criminal Element in America, and the Following Article Describes in Detail and Authoritatively the Causes, the Past and the Present of the American Underworld

By C. Patrick THOMPSON

THE HERO OF TWO WORLDS, in his "working" clothes, who has yet found that his past heroic record avail against the forces that have robbed him of his child and has broadcast his concession to the demands of the kidnappers

LINDBERGH'S TERMS

Colonel Lindbergh and his wife issued the following messages:—

"If the kidnappers of our child are unwilling to deal with us direct, we fully authorize Salvy Spitale and Irving Bitz to act as go-betweens.

"We will also follow any other method that we are sure will bring the return of our child.

"We urge those who have the child to select any representative they desire to meet a representative of ours who will be suitable to them at any time and any place they may designate. If this is accepted we promise we will keep whatever arrangements may be made by their representatives and further pledge ourselves that we will try not to injure in any way those connected with the return of the child."

The Lindbergh baby kidnapping affair has shocked all America. It has also astonished and bewildered the rest of the world—and especially humdrum England. The sequence of incidents is indeed singular — outside of America; the crime itself, the publication of the offer of a £10,000 reward and no questions asked, the "grilling" of a suspected chauffeur in the State Attorney's office for twenty-eight hours, the State Attorney waxing garrulous over the transatlantic telephone to a British newspaper which had the bright idea of ringing him up, the calm acceptance of the phenomenon of a howling crowd outside the prison and held only by police with batons and tear-gas bombs from storming the place and lynching the suspect (even before he has been charged or had a public hearing), the unconditional capitulation of Lindbergh, his appeal to the New York gangs to do what the forces of law and order apparently cannot do, and their authorization to two gangsters to act as go-betweens in negotiations between themselves and the kidnappers.

The echoes of these happenings reach this little island in the North Atlantic and take on the fantastic lineaments of a nightmare. It is hard to realize that such things can happen in the heart of the chief state of the world's richest and most powerful republic, a mighty nation where material civilization has reached a peak which enabled its leaders truthfully to say, while prosperity was in being, that the American people enjoyed a standard of living far higher than had been attained by any other people in human history. It seems incredible that amid this great flowering of machine civilization which has brought the American people power, wealth, fame, and the acknowledged industrial leadership of the world, there should flourish so large and so lusty a jungle of noxious weeds.

Three dozen murders a day. Crimes of violence innumerable. City governments captured by gangs and ruled by the gun. A new technique of wholesale killing developed as freely as a new technique designed to improve an industrial process. Ninety rackets operating in Chicago and levying tribute on the citizenry (according to the Employers' Association figures) to the tune of £26,000,000 a year. Machine-gun battles in the streets, and no arrests. One hundred and fifty-seven bombs set in a single city during a period of fifteen months, and not a single one of the criminals apprehended. Judges and lawyers buying liquor from bootleggers in defiance of the national law, and shrugging when *entrepreneurs* of the bootleg world bump each other off in cars or at street corners. Alliances between magistrates and gangsters. And latterly, kidnapping developed as a fine art by specialized gangs.

Clearly, something rotten in the state of Denmark.

Sociologists have studied the American phenomenon and arrived at various conclusions. But if one says that the Republic is suffering from an obscure form of giantitis—the cure for which still eludes its most enlightened and powerful physicians—one arrives at a roughly accurate diagnosis.

This enormous land has grown too fast and too far. It is not a nation in the Old World sense of the term at all. It is a whole civilization cast in a pattern of its own, and the civilization has not settled, it is still volcanically a-boil. The Americans thought they had made the ultimate discoveries, only to discover too late that nothing yet discovered is ultimate.

They did not realize that liberty could be stretched into licence, and that elective institutions could be attacked by the graft bug until they were more corrupt and sinister than any old autocracy. They are so frightened of central authority that every State jealously clings to its petty local rights, and a chaotic muddle of State laws (even the marriage laws differ so widely that you can be married, divorced, a bachelor, and a bigamist, according to which State you happen to be in at the time), playing into the hands of the criminal and tying the hands of the forces of law and order.

They have made a god of worldly success, measured everything in terms of money, with the result that bribery and corruption have developed on a scale unexcelled even in China, and the feeling has hardened into conviction that duty is a secondary virtue, and that money can do anything. The puritanical and uplift elements thought they could change human nature by law, and a bone-dry régime came into being—with only 3,000 prohibition agents to enforce it among a population of 120,000,000, and along coast and frontier lines of 18,700 miles—and the basic condition created for a gigantic increase in crime and immorality, and the swift growth of disrespect for all law.

The most dynamic spirits have been so busy getting rich and powerful that they have had no time for politics, but left them to a low-type professional element. And in their rush to develop the natural sources of their land, and exploit the machine they opened the doors wide to the biggest immigration flood in history.

In they poured the masses of cheap labour from Central Europe and the Mediterranean lands. This immigration had largely determined the nature of American contemporary civilization before the founder stock realized its error and shut the door. Imagine an England where a Stanley Baldwin, anxious about a national issue, had to curry favour with several distinct alien groups within the island, and you have some slight idea of the perplexities which confront American statesmen and politicians. Campaigning at home against Woodrow Wilson, Senator Lodge, the patrician Tory, was obliged to intrude the case of Irish Independence upon the Paris Peace Conference. Why? Because he was Senator for Massachusetts, and the Irish there numbered about half-a-million. That State also contained a huge Italian bloc—so Lodge, to hold that vote for himself in his fight with Wilson on a totally different issue, had to go to Boston and advocate Italian control of the Adriatic.

These racial tides, meeting in a shower of spray, dangerous whirlpools and currents largely account for the crime complex in American life. The very names of the crime leaders turn a spotlight on the tangled roots of the crime jungle. Capone, Torrio, Scalise, Anselmi, the Gennas, Merlo, Esposito, Celetta, Varchetti, Drucci, Lombardo, Lolordo, Ferraro, Uale, Lefty Louie, Pollaccia, Nitti—what is all this, a tale of American crime or of Sicily and the Mafia? It is the Mafia mentality and method flourishing in the fertile and favourable soil of the United States.

These Italian-Sicilian crime gangs ultimately clash and coalesce with the gangs of another racial group distinguished by its characteristic names—McGurn, Duffy, Doherty, O'Donnell, O'Bannion. The Irish and the Italians—scratch a big American city gang, and you will always find one or the other, sometimes both. The Anglo-Saxons, the Nordics, are conspicuous by their absence.

One day probably the intensive efforts of the Anglo-Saxon national element, which still keeps a pretty tight control over America's destiny from key posts in the national life, will make a nation out of this racial conglomeration. Meantime, if this peculiar brand of transatlantic civilization makes millionaires it also makes murderers, and if it is good for business it is also first-rate for banditry.

THE SCENE OF bergh's home New Jersey,

THE LINDBERGH SCION, wheeled by his nurse, Miss Gow, whose fiancé was subjected to a third degree for twenty-eight hours

Kidnapping as a gang activity is a comparatively recent development in the American crime underworld. There always have been kidnappings—indeed, most of the classic cases are American, culminating in the Loeb-Leopold kidnapping of the thirteen year old Robert Franks, whom they murdered for a "thrill," but they have been isolated affairs, single coups. The rapid growth of the crime as an organized business, planned and carried out with the cold detachment of a business directorate going after profitable business, may be gauged from the figures and the national reaction.

Last year the recorded cases of kidnapping numbered 279. To this figure must be added the unrecorded cases. It is the common practice among American kidnapping gangs to warn the person or persons approached for ransom not to get in touch with the police, or their victim will be killed. And often the police are not informed, either before or after, such is the terror inspired by these gangs whom the police do not seem able to combat. If you feel that the police cannot give you protection, you simply behave as though no police protection existed. (This, incidentally, is the explanation of the "racket" and why it flourishes unchecked in big American cities.)

The reaction which blackmail has upon the British judge (he wants to order the "cat," habitually imposes a very heavy sentence, and seldom fails to denounce the wickedness of the crime as he passes sentence), kidnapping has upon the American judge. It is one of the few crimes which seem to move him to real indignation. And unluckily for the kidnappers (when caught), they have none of the "fixes" and political pull enjoyed by the big

RICAN PROFESSION

bootleg gangs, with their hundreds of hirelings, retained officials, and huge funds which can be used in bribery and corruption. They form a small single unit—seldom more than four. One gang of three recently apprehended got sentences of sixty years imprisonment each. The police had been very active; a millionaire's son was the victim.

A measure is now pending to make kidnapping a crime punishable by the death penalty. If this law is passed it will be a federal one, which means that kidnapping will be a crime for trial in the federal and not in the state courts. But since the kidnappers already know that they are up for life if they get caught, and are always liable to get shot to death in a pursuit, the imposition of the death penalty is not likely to have the effect of reducing the number of kidnappings.

THE HOME OF THE MORROWS, the parents of Mrs. Lindbergh, at Englewood, N.J., typical of the wooded country whence the baby was kidnapped

THE TRAGEDY: The Lindin Hopewell, Mercey County, whence the baby was stolen

On the other hand, it probably would increase the number of murders. Thirteen of the 279 persons kidnapped last year were killed. Sometimes the killing is by way of self-protection. The kidnappers become frightened as the trail grows hot, and kill their victim for want of any better means of getting rid of him. But as often it is a deliberate act of terrorization. Next time they kidnap, the gang can say to the ransom prospects: "You had better not argue. We mean business. *You know what happened to So-and-So.*" This has been found to ease the task of the kidnappers immensely, besides lessening the risk of an appeal to the police and a big hunt.

A hunt occasionally will cut across state frontiers, but as a rule, once the gang has crossed a state border, either with the victim or the ransom, the hunt does not reach them. They are not known to the police of a state a thousand miles away. They are always on the hop, from state to state, and they can and do maintain in some home state a "shop window" as respectable citizens, known to their neighbours and whom the police would not suspect unless decisively put upon their trail.

Babies are the favoured victims. They are the easiest to get hold of, and to hold without suspicion being aroused. Small children up to six are the next best bet, but they offer a multitude of difficult problems, of which the questions of concealment, of travel, and of subsequent possible identification by the child, are the chief. But adults are continually being taken, and held.

There was one case three years back of a very rich young man's newly-wedded wife. She was kidnapped on their return from their honeymoon in Europe. The message sent to the husband was to the effect that he must pay £20,000 at once. If he did not, his wife would be lashed at the rate of three lashes for every twenty-four hours' delay. At the end of seven days, if the money was still not forthcoming, she would be killed. He would get a telephone call each day.

The husband went to his father-in-law, a millionaire, who advised police action. He thought the kidnappers were bluffing. Within two hours of the interview the husband received a note which said that the gang was aware of the husband's visit to his father-in-law and the action being taken, that his wife had had her first flogging in accordance with their promise, and that if he thought the police could help him he had better order the coffin right away—they would return his wife's body for burial.

The unfortunate husband immediately surrendered. He got £20,000 in notes, put them in an envelope and awaited the telephone call. The telephone voice instructed him to drive alone to the outskirts of the town and throw the money out as he passed over a bridge. He obeyed. He must have been watched as he left the house. Probably his car was followed closely by the gang car to make sure that he had not made contact with the police and arranged for them to trail him.

His wife was returned that evening. She had been kept in a cellar, blindfolded, and watched. Then, still blindfolded, she was put into a car, and dropped off in a lonely road on the outskirts of the city. She had been flogged, and she had been bruised by her fall. No arrest was made.

Police authorities attribute the steady increase in kidnapping to the overcrowded state of the illicit liquor-running game. When the dry era opened the master minds of the underworld were not slow to perceive the opportunity for enormous gain that lay in breaking the new federal law. People would have their alcohol. Why take the risk of blowing safes and breaking banks, holding up pay-roll messengers and robbing mail coaches, when one could make big money with less risk by bootlegging liquor?

The rush to get into the outlawed liquor game was terrific. All the gangs went into it. Johnny Torrio, hired as bodyguard by Big Jim Colosimo, the former Italian street cleaner who had risen to the ownership of the biggest and most celebrated restaurant in Chicago (and ran disorderly houses on the side), decided to go into business on his own. His path was eased by the mysterious death of Colosimo, who was shot through the brain in his own office. He sent to New York for his fellow-countryman, Al Capone, the twenty-year-old hoodlum of the Five Points gang (in which company Torrio himself had graduated), to come out to the great western metropolis and organize and run the "muscle" end of the liquor business. For Torrio had learnt that the only way to get into the bootleg business in a big way and to hold it, was to shoot away competition and persuade speakeasy proprietors by fist and boot that the Torrio–Capone liquor was best.

In point of profits, kidnapping falls far below large scale bootlegging, racketeering and hijacking. But it has one great and alluring advantage. It is not yet among the over-crowded crime professions in the States. There is no competition—yet. You do not get two or three armed gangs battling for the privilege of kidnapping millionaire X's child; or, after the kidnapping, one gang shooting up the other gang and getting possession of the child and switching the demand for ransom.

Consequently, the criminal engaged therein does not go in continual fear of having his head blown off or his carcase riddled with machine-gun bullets. He is not obliged to share profits with a large number of henchmen, federal and local officials, and police. He is relieved from the necessity for retaining expensive shyster lawyers, and he is under no compulsion to contribute heavily to the funds of political parties in order to secure his safety.

He is in the happy position of being an individualist working in territory which still allows him plenty of elbow room, and in which every coup, which may range from £200 to £10,000, is almost all profit.

He also enjoys the invaluable benefit of that essentially American psychology which is due to the acceptance of gang crime, of police impotence, and of ineffectual legal processes, as an inevitable part of Americanism—nothing can be done about it. The detached observer sees this very clearly in the case of the unfortunate Lindberghs. All eyes are upon this national figure—and he has succumbed.

The tremendous saying of a matron of sterner days has come down to us. Besieged, she was ordered to surrender, or see her children, in the hands of her enemies, slain. "Kill them," she said. "I will breed more."

This iron spirit, however, belongs to a vanished age. It does not belong to contemporary trans-Atlantic civilization. If it did, the reign of the gangs would be terminated with some abruptness.

A PRICE ON HIS HEAD: The Lindbergh baby, whose kidnapping has roused America. He is to the States what Princess Elizabeth is to the Empire

THE BABY'S DIET

Broadcast in the hope that the kidnappers will subscribe thereto.

A quart of milk during the day.

Three tablespoonfuls of cooked cereals morning and night.

Two tablespoonfuls of cooked vegetables once a day.

One yolk of egg daily.

One baked potato or rice once a day.

Two tablespoonfuls of stewed fruit daily.

Half a cup of orange juice on waking.

Half a cup of prune juice after his afternoon nap.

Fourteen drops of special medicine during the day.

THE FLYING IDOLS OF AMERICA: Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh in the cockpit of a machine. Mrs. Lindbergh, who is as air-minded as her husband, is expecting another baby in May. Both parents are distraught at the uncertainty of the young Charles's fate

ROYAL VISITORS: The Duke and Duchess of York aboard the cruiser, H.M.S. *York*, launched by the Duchess in 1928, which has now come home to Chatham from service in the West Indies

"THE FLYING SQUAD OF THE CUSTOMS SERVICE": Men of the waterguard at the Port of London are heavily overworked since the introduction of the new Tariff laws

THE PRINCE IN FILMLAND: H.R.H. at the Associated Radio Pictures Studios, Ealing Green—claimed to be the most modern in Europe—during the production of *The Impassive Footman*

THE R.A.C. RALLY TO TORQUAY: A group of famous drivers, including Sir Henry Birkin, Earl Howe, the Earl of March, Mr. W. E. Rootes, and Mr. Bryan Lewis, who competed in the R.A.C. Rally to Torquay, in which British cars swept the board. *On right*—Kathleen, Countess of Drogheda, is seen giving her S.S.I. a final polish before the *Concours d'Elégance*. Competitors had to cover 1,000 miles at an average speed of 25 m.p.h., keeping to certain routes and passing certain checks at definite times

A FLYING FASHION: Lady Chaytor wearing the latest in fur flying suits just before leaving Brooklands *en route* for her aerial lecture tour of Australia

PRIZE-WINNING MANNEQUINS: Miss Lola Kemp (right) congratulated by her runner-up, Miss Lorna de Ste. Croix, on her victory in the Mannequin Beauty Competition held at Ciro's

COUNT MICHAEL VON LICHNOWSKY, son of the pre-War German Ambassador, with Mrs. Volck, after their wedding at Prince's Row Register Office last week

THE VIENNESE NIGHTINGALE: Miss Gretl Vernon, the Austrian soprano, who sings in any one of five languages, takes her first look at London during her visit from the Continent

THIS ENGLAND

ENFORCING THE TARIFF: A constable at Southampton in connection with the new duties searches a sailor coming ashore on leave

ELECTRIFYING ENGLAND: Workmen on the 250-ft. high tower from which cables, involved in the overhead electric scheme which is to cover the country, cross the Yare at Yarmouth. The Central Electricity Board has established a huge transformer grid at Yarmouth also

EMPIRE PREFERENCE: The first cargo of New Zealand produce to enter Britain under the preferential treatment accorded by the new tariff laws was brought from S.S. *Pakema* in bannered barges and was inspected at the quayside by the High Commissioner for New Zealand, Sir Thomas Wilford

"BRINGING HOME THE" —— VEAL! The United Dairies at Chippenham have organized a young farmers' club. Calves are sold to children for £7 and the children keep them for a year, the cost of keep being offset against the purchase price. Thereafter, the calves are judged and, later, sold

UNUSUAL CLASSROOMS: Children who work in the theatre still come under the L.C.C. educational establishment, and a class of actors in *The Old Woman's Shoe* is seen on left learning arithmetic on the theatre roof. On right is the open-air school in St. James's Park, where a hot snack was welcomed during the cold snap

NOW ADMINISTERED BY NEW ZEALAND: The one-time German section of the Samoa group with its curious native style of architecture

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH in Lomé which was once in German Togoland, but has now been allocated to France and is administered by the Government of Dahomey

IN THE DAYS OF GERMAN DOMINION: Government House, Buea, Cameroons (now Anglo-French territory). The former German Governor, Dr. Seitz, and Frau Seitz are seen above

SPLIT BETWEEN FRANCE AND BRITAIN: The former German colony of Cameroons has been partitioned between the two great African powers

GERMANY AND HER

Has She the Administra Races? An Inquiry into Mittel Europa

That a campaign is brewing across the Rhine for the return of some, at any rate, of the ex-German Colonies, is now an established fact. More than thirteen years have gone by since the victorious Allies confiscated 14,000,000 square miles of German territory overseas. The beaten foe never knuckled down to the wiping out of his colonial empire, yet it is only in recent times—with the steady determination of so many Germans to put themselves on the map again as a leading Power—that the movement for a mandatory making-over of parts of Africa has assumed concrete shape. The leader of the campaign is Dr. Schacht, former head of the Reichsbank. And it is confidently hoped that Britain and France, as the two countries principally concerned, may be moved to reconsider the whole matter as soon as Reparations are slightly out of the way, following the projected June meeting at Lausanne. It is realized that Italy's well-known African aspirations constitute a stumbling block to possible German rebirth overseas.

The former German Colonies were German East Africa, South-West Africa, Cameroons, Togoland, Samoa, Pacific Islands.

Germany also possessed the settlements in China of Kiaochou and Shantung. Inasmuch as the grounds now being advanced why the Reich should be reset-up as a colonial Power have direct reference to certain aspects of the past, it may be advisable to go back to rather early on.

It was in 1884 that Bismarck agreed to Germany striking out for herself in the overseas field, though the Iron Chancellor was no raging enthusiast. One may say that, in the result, a whole empire was won and lost in little more than a generation. In the history of colonial enterprise there has never been a parallel to what happened in the case of Germany. It is a strange story and one which, perhaps, is better weighed and assessed to-day than was possible in the blurred times of 1914 and after. It may be that Germany did not get quite a fair showing in those days.

In the first place, Bismarck resolutely set himself against building up dominion by conquest. There were only scrapings left over for him, so to speak, after the French, the Portuguese, the Dutch, Belgians, Spaniards, and ourselves had taken what we wanted and shared matters out. In founding her colonial possessions where she could, Germany gave valuable equivalents to other nations—buying them off, you might say—and in this manner Spain, the United States, France, Belgium, and Portugal received a measure of compensation.

At once the Germans set about a thorough development of their new territories. They were complete beginners, and naturally blunders were committed. The new colonies were veritable wildernesses, without a plantation or a decent building. These wildernesses, whatever else they did, the Germans rapidly made live. Official documentation of the far-off 'eighties and early 'nineties bears testimony to this spirit of pioneer enterprise in highly disheartening conditions. A British Foreign Office Paper in 1894, after the new colonial policy had been ten years under way, testified to the "unsurpassed" efforts put up by the Germans in such fields as medical science, sanitation, education, agriculture, and industrialization (this report refers in the main to their German East Africa). In the Rockefeller library of the League of Nations will be found similar tributes from the French and others. It will not do, therefore, to assert that the Germans were out-and-out duds from the first in this realm. Passions are apt to be worked up over German colonization, even years and years after it came to be forcibly closed down, and among none more so than "Africans," that is to say, British and French soldiers and settlers. These insist that the Germans were all wrong; not a good thing to say for anything Fritz ever did across the seas. It is difficult to see completely eye to eye with such critics. Not to be as good as others, or even approaching it, is not to be ruled out for ever, barred from the broad, open spaces. Some form of re-share out, notably with Germany and Italy benefiting, may inevitably surge some day. Giving may be one of the most difficult things upon earth, yet sooner or later it may have to be faced. One has only to instance, for example, the dramatic appeal of the Japanese leader at Geneva, Sato. In that former hotel lounge by the lake-side, and where so much history has written itself, there has been no more dramatic moment than when Sato gazed quietly round on the packed room and pointed out how the teeming millions of his land were being progressively barred from everywhere—and also boycotted.

No sooner had the Pilot been dropped in 1890 than the impulsive young Kaiser proceeded to push the colonies for all, and rather more, than they were worth. He had never looked upon them as purely outlets for German drive and adventure. William II saw his overseas realm as primarily a forcing ground of prestige, of Germany Over All. In the 'nineties, as we know, the Germans began interfering in most places, commenced an aggressive colonial policy far distant from Bismarck's trading conception. The monarch himself gave the new order a sufficiently flamboyant tone by prancing down the main street of Jerusalem on a white steed. Weltpolitik was already in the air—dreams of Berlin-Bagdad and the like. And it was about this time that an unfortunate state of affairs, for Germany, came into existence. Just when the eyes of others were focussed on what she was doing with her overseas empire there arose a succession of first-class scandals in colonial administration. No others, not even in the heyday of the Belgian Congo—have produced such scandals before or since. German atrocities began to fill the newspapers as governors, judges, generals, one after the other had perforce to be dismissed the service. Some of the charges were pretty dreadful, particularly in regard to native women. In the Cameroons it was the thing to flog native women—and a certain Governor Leist was removed for that. (I am not digging up the charges which were preferred against the Germans when, in 1919, we were beating around for excuses to take the German colonies. I am quoting from records of the period.) There was the spectacular case of Dr. Carl Peters, charged with killing a native also in the Cameroons. Judge Wehlan and two high administrators, Wegner and Aerenberg, were similarly proceeded against for acts "furthering their interests or passions or both." Governor von Horn, of Togoland, had a native flogged for thirty-six hours, in chains, until he died. Governor von Puttkamer had to be removed from the Cameroons. But the worst of all was probably General von Trotha who, commandeering in the rebellion in South West, starved 14,000 Herero women by driving them off their land and meagre crops.

Coincidentally, there occurred grave uprisings in the German territories, notably among Arabs, Hereros, Magi. It came to be alleged that the Germans were enslaving and oppressing the natives, that traders were swindling and exploiting these, and that the cruelty of forced labour on the plantations, in the mines and on public works, was inhuman. To this capital charge of slavery the Germans had answer. They claimed that no native children born subsequent to 1905 would ever be slaves, but that with older men and some women it was not possible, in the then primitive state of the colonies, to do away with obligatory labour. Slaves were duly remunerated and cared for, but they had no option in regard to the nature of the work they should do; they had to go down into mine, or work on the roads as ordered. Officially, at that time, in no other colony was slavery being perpetuated—though that was not by any means to say that it had vanished twenty and more years ago. It hasn't vanished yet. There are two million slaves still to-day in the domain of a dusky prince not long since honoured by all Europe. What the Germans said was, in as many words: "We do not consult the natives as to what work they shall do. We find it entirely necessary to guide them along this way and that for their own good and that of the colony. We deny ill-treating them more than is necessary to maintain discipline." To which, others responded: "Your habit is to rule by the whip. You are never without one beside you. You are lustful, cruel, arrogant, malicious, brutal. Your whole notion is to squeeze as much labour as physically possible out of your tardily-arriving possessions."

In return, the Germans would say: "You are wildly exaggerating. Where else have the natives been so cared for as by us? Take Dr. Koch of sleeping sickness. Take our splendid institutions at Dar-es-salam, in the South Seas, in South West."

Another charge against the German settlers was of going native too freely and of living lives of great depravity. When our West African contingent—not particularly squeamish soldiery—went forward in the Cameroons in 1914 many were shocked by what they found, in the way of decoration, in the German huts

ADMINISTERED BY JAPAN: The former German colony of the Caroline Islands has been granted to the Eastern Empire

COLONIES

tive Touch with Native a Sensitive Facet of the Mental Complex

By FERDINAND TUOHY

and houses. To this day you will hear "Africans" aver that of all nationalities the Germans left the worst odour behind them, in Africa. That the Germans have no right ever again to expect to be given charge of natives . . .

What are we to say of such a sweeping charge in 1932?

There does not appear to be much doubt about this: if, in the decade 1893–1903 ensued one long sequel of German colonial scandals, a marked improvement had set in in the years more directly leading up to the War—and it may be that we shall hear more about this ultimate spell (1907–14) in the future. The men Germany have to thank for this are Drs. Dernburg and Solf who were at the helm of policy from 1907 to the War. In these years great effort was made to wipe out the sticky past and to recast things on the British model. With the important result that for the first time in their history one or two of the German colonies actually began to supply needs as distinct from being permanent financial liabilities of an advanced order. In 1906, Togoland actually was self-supporting—the only German colony then or later that ever was so! However, the Dernburg-Solf régime, which had been confirmed at the 1907 elections, at which epoch the German Socialists were rather for scrapping the colonies altogether as sources of ill-fame to the German name and very costly luxuries—Dernburg and Solf had, by the outbreak of war, managed to reduce the grand colonial deficit four times over.

The colonies were at long last showing first glimmerings of being able to pay their way. And that conditions cannot have been so truly frightful at this pre-War period is evidenced by the circumstance that in 1913 we were contemplating acquiring some of the Portuguese possessions on the Dark Continent and dividing them with Germany. Rather a curious plan if we bear in mind how keen we were on self-determination, for natives, but a very few years later; and an important point in the Schacht argument as it is now being advanced. In point of fact, the German case is that the tale of colonial guilt was a worked-up stunt for Versailles, that it was a lie reposing on a state of affairs that had long ceased to be before 1914, and that, above all, the Allies were themselves guilty of a gross abuse of confidence in confiscating a whole empire after Germany had surrendered to a group of Wilsonian Points, number five of which laid it down that, "a free, equitable and unconditional solution must be found for the colonial question with special reference to the interests of the native population and the rights of governments concerned." At Versailles, Germany was compelled to sign away every square inch of her overseas territory on the ground that she had maltreated the natives and shown herself unfit to govern these. Subsidiary charges had been collected together in the closing months of the conflict. Some of them may be summarized as under:—

Germany was using her colonies as fortified points d'appui for aggression against other colonial powers. She had instituted one law for the white and another for the black. She was preparing to annex right and left in the event of her winning the War—Mittel Africa, Mittel Europa. She had militarized the natives, besides enslaving them, and her conduct had also led to heavy depopulation. Germany ruled by fear; chose the warlike tribes and gave them carte blanche over inferior natives. She intimidated the Powers and hoped to prey on the world's commerce from her overseas possessions.

The Germans, for their part, say that we others have indulged a record amount of cant and hypocrisy. How fortified were her possessions was evidenced by the manner most of them swiftly fell to the enemy. In some cases, notably in the Pacific, the "fortified points d'appui" barely held out a few weeks. The separate justice for black and white in Africa, the Germans even now allege, is inevitable. As for the charge that she militarized the natives, the biggest native force to take the field for Germany numbered some 8,000 in East Africa, and the argument runs that the very way in which these troops stuck to their guns, in Germany's defence, until after the Armistice, showed what "tyrants" they considered their masters to be.

The Germans say they were just learning to colonize when the abuses occurred, that these would never have been resuscitated but for the necessity to invent an excuse for annexing the colonies in bulk, that what Germany really did was to govern too much and, at one period, to leave things to a hard militarism on the spot, that one atrocity lie after the other—akin to the kadaver yarn of 1916—was put abroad by the Allies, that these latter had mostly split up the German possessions among themselves by secret treaty as far back as 1915, after having professed a "no annexation" war.

The Germans further say that nothing they ever did equalled the Belgian Congo. The Belgians were not held responsible for that, as a nation. Why, then, should the Germans have been, in 1919, branded as unfit nationally to colonize? A provisional occupation by the Allies should have been arranged pending a new spirit. Obviously, colonies supervised by a democracy would form a different tale from those controlled by the old Junker spirit. Germany should have another chance. At Versailles, in 1919, Dr. Bell, one of the two Germans who signed "the Treaty of Shame," offered to administer the colonies under League of Nations mandate, but he wasn't listened to.

"We have now an Alsace-Lorrain of the Colonies," runs the refrain across the Rhine. "We refuse to acquiesce in the present distribution of undeveloped Africa. Back in 1914, Germany had much the smallest colonial empire per capita. To-day the situation would be laughable were it not tragic. Belgium, with a population of 7,250,000, possesses a 1,000,000 square miles of territory overseas. Portugal, with but 6,000,000 inhabitants, enjoys a like empire. France, with 40,000,000 inhabitants, has 5,000,000 square miles to expand in. Germany with 65,000,000 souls, must remain permanently at zero! And in A.D. 2,000 she may number 200,000,000 human beings! It is not sane to envisage that indefinitely.

"If you others had made a triumphant success of the territories you professed to take over as 'a sacred trust of civilization,' there might be some excuse. But what has happened? Right and left the ex-German possessions have deteriorated culturally and economically. Some parts, which have passed to France, are now as good as closed preserves; while as for the charge that we militarized the natives, the French lost no time in openly pressing natives from the late German territory into the conscript service. New Guinea under Australia, Samoa under New Zealand, the Marshall, Mariana, and Caroline groups under Japan, show the same languishing. The phosphate island of Nauru under Great Britain flourishes, and little else. Tanganyika—that 'bureaucratic paradise'—has not succeeded under its new masters, and there is unbiased evidence that the natives must be aided with the development of their country. Things were better under the former German exploitation. Similar tributes have since 1919 been paid by the British to what they found in Togoland and the Cameroons.

"Right at the start the Allies split up tribes by imposing arbitrary frontiers. As for the Wilsonian idea of self-determination for natives of Africa, there never was the least chance of it, and the new British, French, and Italian régimes speedily proclaimed the idea as impossible of realization."

It is a long, involved story, the German lament. What may come of it some day? The Schacht party says it will stand by the verdict of an impartial tribunal regarding Germany's fitness to rule natives. It also advances the central notion that if the former Allies desire to go on drawing Reparations they must give Germany back some of her colonies in order that she may develop an outlet for her surplus population, a market for her industry, and a source of raw materials. The argument is that if parts of West and East Africa are returned, as a beginning, these territories would be intensively exploited by the Germans and money made over to the International Bank of Payments at Basle as a result. That, in sum, gradually the Reich would buy back her colonies. Yet we have seen that with the solitary exception of Togoland these German possessions, from being a source of gain to the Fatherland, turned out a constant and heavy drain. (In 1914, the cost was 505 million marks.) How should things be so very different now, especially with current over-production? I took this matter up latterly with Germans at Geneva and they said, "What you say may be so. But this question of colonies is passing beyond mere economics. Germany demands the right to be considered once again as a first-class International Power. Prestige is involved. She also demands to be vindicated from the colonial lie of Versailles. Instead, what happens? The door of Africa is slammed in our faces. We are told we are no good colonially—and look at our thousands in

(Continued on p. 420)

ADMINISTERED BY AUSTRALIA: A native village in picturesque surroundings in the Bismarck Archipelago—whence Kaiser Wilhelm's Land was Teutonically governed

AN EMBLEM DISCROWNED: The imperial eagle carved on the rocks above Kiauchau, a colony which was taken over by Japan at the outbreak of the War

IN THE PELEW ISLANDS: The council house of the Korror chiefs, forbidden to ordinary folk and tabu to women. The islands are now administered by Japan

TANGANYIKA: The courtyard of the Custom house in Dar-es-Salaam, once a noted place in German East Africa, now administered by Britain

THE SOUTH-WEST PROTECTORATE: A typical street in Luderitz Bay. This colony used to be German South-west Africa, but is now administered by Britain

DEEP SEA DIVING

Winter diving has a peculiar peril of its own. There is always a possibility that the diver's air-pipe may become blocked with ice. The air, on its long voyage down the pipe becomes colder and colder, and, assisted by the increased pressure, the moisture in it may condense and freeze. Eventually ice may block the pipe and leave the diver starved for air. A diver who is "squeezed" in this fashion meets a sudden and terrible death, while at the bottom of the sea the diver works under great pressure, and his blood dissolves considerable quantities of nitrogen. If the pressure is suddenly removed, as in the case of a forced ascent, the excess of nitrogen bubbles out of the blood, just as gas bubbles out of soda water when the cork of the bottle is removed. These bubbles froth into the arteries and veins, impede the circulation of the blood, cause pains, convulsions, coma, and —unless remedial measures are taken—death

DESCENT TO THE DEPTHS: A diver prepares to make a trip to the sea floor. One of the great dangers of diving in winter is that the air may freeze as it travels down the pipe

A TEST FOR DIVERS: The raising of a rowing boat is one of the methods by which divers are trained; the boat has, of course, to be made buoyant by the pumping in of air

INCORRECT ASCENT: A diver must come up slowly so that the excess of nitrogen the blood has absorbed under pressure may be gradually and not suddenly expelled

A U.S. EXPERIMENT: A diving bell has formed the subject of experiment in the American navy in connection with deep-sea diving. This device has been developed to enable stranded divers to be brought to the surface rapidly with impunity

DANCING ON THE ICE

DANCING ON THE ICE: Froeken Sonja Henie, the young world's champion of the skating world, in a quartette of the exquisite attitudes that have won her this position. The pictures were taken at a recent exhibition in the Berlin sportspalast

SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENTS

One of the most remarkable institutions in the world is the College of Medical Jurisprudence in Berlin, where crime is treated as a scientific problem. The exploits of such detectives of fiction as Craig Kennedy and John Evelyn Thorndyke are daily paralleled within its walls. From Berlin, too, comes news of a discovery, also in the medical, though not in the crime world; this is a device whereby heart-beats can be demonstrated to a class without the presence of living models or specimens. Wireless, gramophone and talkie principles have been synthesized by Dr. Leo Jacobsohn and records of the various type of heart-beats—those afflicted with mitral murmurs, aortic murmurs, aneurisms and so forth—have been compiled and are broadcast by means of a photo-electrical device through loud-speakers to students. In Britain, many secrets of science have of late been revealed to the lay public at the B.I.F.

THORNDYKE IN REAL LIFE: A device—magnifying spectacles—used to look for bloodstains on the clothes of suspects in the Berlin College of Medical Jurisprudence

BROADCASTING HEART-BEATS: Dr. Jacobsohn of Berlin with the device he has invented whereby a record of various types of heart-beat can be broadcast to students without the presence of living specimens

THE HUMAN CARD INDEX: A device in Berlin whereby, by describing a suspect's characteristics through the levers, the record of any criminal conforming to them is produced

AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: A group of girls demonstrated at the phenomenally successful organization for the promulgation of British trade, the latest methods by means of which electric bulbs are mechanically manufactured

The MASS-PRODUCED CHICK

12,000 EGGS HATCHED AT A TIME: A gigantic incubator. The hatching process is carried out with sliding trays and troughs which doubtless gave Mr. Aldous Huxley his data for the human hatchery he describes in his latest satire

THE ROBOT MOTHER: Instead of running beneath the sheltering wing of the hen, the mass-produced chick makes for the pyramidal hood whenever it feels the need for warmth; feeling over-warm, they walk outside the range of the heater: a natural thermostatic control

FEEDING is carried out through a series of holes through which the chicks can pass their heads but not their bodies, thus ensuring an even amount of food to each bird. The communistic atmosphere that pervades such an establishment as one of the great breeding centres is brilliantly satirized, when applied to humanity, in *Brave New World* by Aldous Huxley

NO CHICK TOUCHES THE GRASS! Wire netting drawers are used, which tend to make birds flabby

A BARROW-LOAD OF CHICKS: A scene at St. Mary Cray, Kent, where W. Cook and Sons collect 7,000 eggs a day

MECHANICAL GRADING: A remarkable machine in use at the United Dairies establishment at Ealing. Each egg is sorted according to its size, and is automatically stamped and coded. Although the stupendous number of forty thousand eggs are handled by this machine every day, only one egg in five thousand is broken!

In a Class by Itself

C.F.H. 1329

THE RETURN OF THE HORSE

It is now some thirty years since Galsworthy's Soames Forsyte sent out for one of the "new-fangled" motor-cabs and took a drive in a hurry, "going a great pace; fifteen miles an hour I should think," according to him, and *that* in the early history of the motor-driven vehicle *was* a great pace indeed; but how we motorists of to-day chafe at being forced to edge along at that speed in the many traffic streams of our present crowded London; and how we curse when, in the deuce of a hurry, we overtake and are held up by one of those survivals from an earlier age, a horse-drawn vehicle ambling slowly and contentedly along at less than no pace. But we never reflect that if it were one of the huge lorries that we so often see in this very utilitarian age we should spend even longer trying to pass it; one *can* pass a horse and cart after a very little while, but I defy anyone to pass a lorry or two under quite a good space of time.

We forget also, when railing against the horse in traffic, that for many special types of work he is entirely indispensable: for London delivery service he provides easily the best economic solution of the problem; how could the morning milk round, the coal round, and other house-to-house collections and deliveries be completed without pony or cart-horse? Efficiency is combined with economy; the upkeep of a horse as compared with that of a petrol-eating lorry needs of course no illustration, which fact is easily apprehended by those many firms whose goods have to be delivered from house to house.

So therefore is it appropriate for us to consider something of the "Willing Vanner's" history at this time when the Shire Horse Society, originally founded as the Cart Horse Society, had held its fifty-third annual show with great success, and when we stand midway between the two great horse-worshipping festivals of Cheltenham and the Grand National, where a horse is appraised on his merits as a horse.

We know that William the Conqueror attempted to produce a horse specially adapted to agricultural purposes. There is a confirmation in a piece of Bayeux tapestry of the first year of his reign, where are found the figures of a horse attached to a barrow and an attendant man. In the reign of Henry II sires were first imported from abroad, while King John imported a hundred stallions of large size from Flanders for the purpose of crossing with our mares, thus evidencing his interest in the breeding of heavy horses. Edward II, with a view to keeping all the best horses in this country, absolutely prohibited their export.

But it was Henry VIII who did most for the Shire horse in England, by allowing only mares and stallions of a certain height to be bred from; he also compelled wealthy prelates and nobles to keep stallions of a stipulated size for the benefit of the community. In 1541 an edict was passed to the effect that no horse under fifteen hands should be allowed to run in certain forests and districts. At a later date it became illegal to export horses even into Scotland. The chronicler, Holinshed, states that Henry "erected a noble studderie for breeding horses, especially the greatest sort," and again of the cart or plough-horse that they "Are commonlie so strong that five or six of them, at most, will draw 3,000 weight of the greatest tale with ease for a long journey."

So that we see our heavy horse's ancestry is a noble one, even though it be a far cry for him to his London stables under railway arches or up ramps on to first floors. The general opinion expressed at the Horse Show was very optimistic regarding his increased use in London. In the year 1931 there was a distinct increase, and this year also the figures are still on the up grade. A demand for "commercial horses" creates a healthy supply and aids agriculture; thus the breeding of horses is stimulated, and as the industrial horse pays as a farm animal in his youth, the arable acreage of our country is obviously increased by his further use.

A HALT IN THE STRAND: Motorists may curse that a horse needs to stop and drink, thus delaying the speed-merchants of the present day, but motors may also run out of petrol and create equal or longer stoppages. As, in addition, the water-drinking horse is infinitely more economical than a petrol-drinking vehicle, there is every indication that the already augmented use of horses will continue to increase. ***Inset above on right*** is old Bob Smith, an old horse-bus driver, in the topper he used to wear on the box seat 40 years ago. He is engaged in breaking horses to London traffic for Tillings

ECONOMICAL TRANSPORT: Two sturdy horses turn from the Strand over Waterloo Bridge—a picture taken from within a stone's throw of *The Sphere* office

PUTTING ON THE NOSE-BAG: Two heavy vanners enjoy their mid-day meal in Covent Garden—ever an equine stronghold that no petrol vehicles yet seriously challenge

UPSTAIRS to bed, downstairs to work: Horses employed by the L.N.E.R. are housed on the first floor

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

A SUPERSTITION TREBLY FULFILLED: *Three* white horses on Waterloo Bridge, in a walk over which, it is said, a white horse will always be encountered. ***On left in circle*** is Mr. John Clayton who has known horses for half a century

FROM HUDSON'S BAY

Secrets and Controversies of the Fur Trade Revealed, Together with a List of Furs and the Points the Hitherto Unknowing Purchaser Should Note When Buying

By CHARLES GRAVES

It would not be quite accurate to say that the fur is actually flying in the fur trade at the moment. And yet there is a good deal of strong feeling, and even of strong language being used, among the furriers. Two reasons can be given for this. The first is the increase in the wild-animal farms, particularly the silver fox farms. The other is the menace of a handful of unscrupulous shopkeepers who play tricks with imitation furs and old furs, and are doing their best to get the fur-trade as bad a name as the antique business acquired a few years ago. Many of the first-class furriers would be only too glad to see an action brought against one of their dishonest colleagues for pretending that a red fox fur was a cross-fox, or that a Canadian sable was a Russian sable, or that even an old mole coat was new. For just as the average person had not the technical knowledge to realize real Sheraton when he saw it, so the average woman knows less than nothing about the tricks of the imitation fur trade.

Before going any further with this article I feel I ought to put on a long white coat and place a ripe Stilton cheese on my writing table in order to get the atmosphere. For I have just come back from the warehouse of the Hudson's Bay Company. Thousands of furs of every description either hang on pegs, or are piled on shelves—and there are no fewer than two hundred and ten different kinds of pelts, as they call them, officially listed by the fur trade. The fur of which the greatest number of examples were to be seen was silver fox, and before it has been made up it emits a sharp, cheese-like smell that is inclined to make you sneeze when you encounter it first. The warehouse of the Hudson's Bay Company is only three or four years old, and is the finest in the world. Every room faces north because the coldest and cruellest light is needed, particularly with silver fox, so as to distinguish between the various grades of black, quarter-silver, half-silver, and silver. While I was there, dozens of white-coated, bowler-hatted men were examining bunches of furs and making little notes. They were buyers, mostly French and English, with a sprinkling of Germans, who were going to bid for the furs two days later at the public auction. For at the actual sale no furs are put on view—it would take too long—and so the buyers bid by their marked catalogue. In other parts of this warehouse I was shown anything from ermines to timber wolves—every sort, kind, and description of pelt. They had been trapped in the Far North, brought down to one or other of the many trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, sent over to England, and were now in many cases awaiting shipment back across the Atlantic. For England is the leading fur market of the world. It is true that there are small sales in New York and others in Leipzig and Leningrad, but London remains supreme.

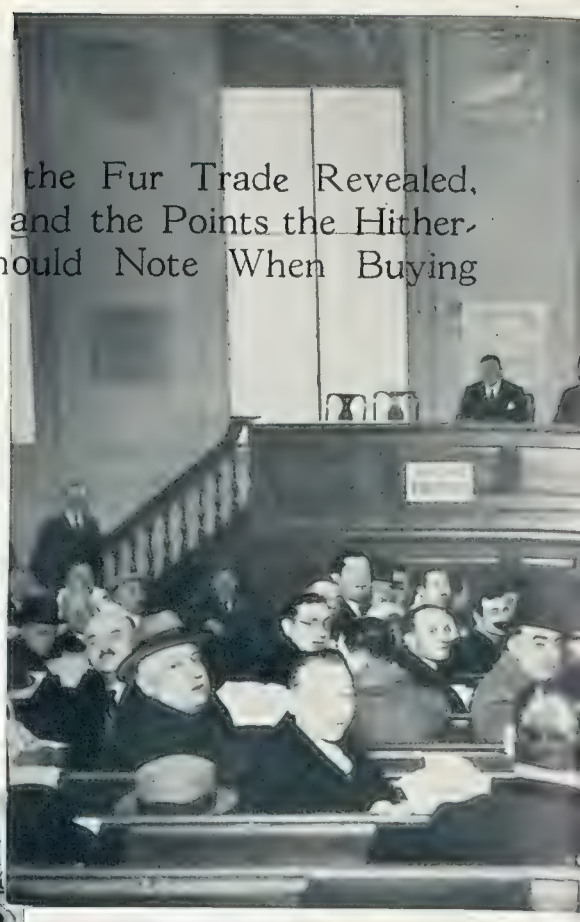
WHITE FOX: These furs are dressed ready for inspection. White fox is smaller than silver and good specimens have no yellow tinge but are white right down to the leather

ERMINE: An employee of the Hudson's Bay Co., with three ermine skins from a bin in which they are stored inside out

DYED RUSSIAN ERMINE: Here is the finished article in the form of a beautiful light-weight coat dyed café-au-lait by Revillon Freres

Last week, for example, nearly fifty thousand silver fox furs were sold at a supernumerary session of sales in London made necessary by the tremendous exploitation of farm-bred silver foxes. The sale I attended took place in a huge room like a cinema with a long rostrum instead of a screen at one end. On the rostrum sat the auctioneer, and on either side of him were four other men, selling-brokers, who were there to catch the eye of the buyers, both foreign and English. The average price of the furs was a little over £5, although two or three years ago they fetched £15 apiece, and six or seven years ago they fetched £25. Before the War they reached as much as £120 and £200. The highest price for an individual fur last week—and only two or three were sold separately as opposed to lots of fifteen or twenty or more—was £40 10s. In the ordinary course of events the bidding advances by half-crowns and each of the four lynx-eyed selling-brokers has to catch every nod of the head, wave of the pencil, or other indication of a bid from all the buyers in their quarter of the hall. Sometimes it is very difficult, particularly when two men sitting one behind the other are bidding for the same lot, to make sure that the proper bids are noted. When there is any doubt the selling-broker points an accusing, or rather confirmatory, index finger at the man whose bid he has taken to make sure that the other, if he wants to go on, will not think that he has already bought it. There is none of the wild yelling which characterizes the auction sales of tea. It is a series of gesticulations, cracks of the hammer, and crisp announcements of the auctioneer, which are magnified by the loud-speaker at the far end of the hall. Normally there are separate weeks of fur sales in January, April, and October. As I say, it was the increase in the silver fox farms which made last week's extra sale necessary.

The question which arises about the comparative quality of the wild and the farmed silver fox is naturally looked upon from very different angles by interested parties. There are now 5,000 silver fox farms in Canada, nearly a hundred in Great Britain, and 2,000 more in Germany, Norway, and Sweden. The advocates of the farmed fox say that they are naturally better animals because they do not have to lead such Spartan lives, and are bred from the best wild specimens. The others say that there is no comparison between the two. They say that the tame fox is coddled, and because he does not have to hunt for his living, his food all turns into fat instead of going into his fur, with the result that the latter is neither so rich nor of such good colouring. A good illustration of the way nature provides protection for animals when they have to fend for themselves is provided by the recent discovery of a number of mice in a cold storage room. Their fur was half an inch long. This is considered a very good argument in favour of the view that farmed wild amimals are too coddled. Other wild animals which people tried to farm are minks. This proved a dire failure, however, in the eyes of Monsieur Revillon, who is the world's leading furrier. On the other hand, chinchilla rabbits proved a great success from the start, and their pelts fetched as much as £1 apiece. Over-production, however, has brought these down in price by successive stages, until they only fetch 2s. or half a crown now.



THE AUCTION: This is conducted in almost complete nou :ements are the only sounds heard, bids being advance. Four brokers stand by the auctioneer skin to-day, while before the War they fetched of farm-

Here we encounter the other problem of the fur trade—the extraordinary increase in the skill of the firms who make up furs. Ninety per cent. of imitation furs are made from the humble rabbit, and perhaps it would be just as well to quote a word of warning on this subject from one of the experts I have been consulting. "The only permissible alternative for rabbit," he said, "is coney, and one may say foxaline for hare flank, and 'genet' instead of black cat, as these words have been in general use for many years in the fur trade. Furs described with fancy names should be viewed with the greatest suspicion The last word in the description of a fur should be the actual name of the actual fur; thus sable-dyed fox is right, and not fox sable. Such descriptions as 'Near Seal,' 'Sablette,' and 'Nutriette' are merely camouflage for rabbit in various guise."

This expert then gave me a list of the leading types of genuine fur, together with a description of what you should look for if you were intending to buy one. Here it is, and you might be well advised to cut it out the next time you go shopping.

Cat (Tiger or Ocelot).—Two varieties. One small, brownish grey, black marks, but poorly coloured and thin flat fur. The other is a handsome skin resembling a young leopard, full fur, white flank, warm colouring, and marked with deep black rings.

Cat, Civet.—A small animal, the fur resembling skunk, of a dark chocolate colour with whitish markings. The best kinds are regularly marked with a kind of square pattern, the colouring white, clear and defined, and the fur long and silky.

Ermine.—Two kinds: Canadian and Russian. The latter is superior in quality. The fur should be pure white, soft and thick; its length is about half-an-inch in the best qualities. The black tips of the tails are much longer and fuller in the Russian than in the Canadian variety.

THE FUR OF THE MOMENT: Silver Fox in A controversy is raging in the trade at the provide the best skins—the points at issue being or scraggy; or an

to the HEART of LONDON

silence. Cracks of the hammer and the auctioneer's an- made by gesture only. The half-crown is the usual unit of to note the various bids. Silver foxes average £5 per £120 or even £200—a diminution effected by the influx bred pelts

Fox, Cross. — A large handsome skin. Colouring orange, dark flanks, usually some "silver hairs amongst the gold," and has a dark almost black cross marking on the shoulders.

Fox, Silver.—At the time of writing the most expensive skins are those with dark, well covered necks, and about half the body well silvered. The fur should "flow" easily, and the best skins have plenty of fur on the hind quarters. Extremely popular at the moment owing to the great success of farming and the low prices.

Fox, White.—Smaller than silver, and a distinct variety. Cheap skins are yellowish, but the very best are pure white right down to the leather. Has no distinctive "fox" smell.

Fox, Blue.—A slate coloured fox. Two varieties, known as Greenland and Alaska. Greenland fox is frequently almost pale grey in colour, but its fur is silky. Alaska is bluer in shade, and the hair is more "crimpy." Rather an uncommon skin, and not too well known in this country. It has been fashionable in France for decades.

Fox, Red.—Canadian. The finest of the red foxes. Very large, very full, and brilliantly coloured. The better skins are as expensive to-day as silver foxes.

Lamb, Caracul.—A naturally brown or white lamb, but usually dyed black or grey. Smaller than Persian Lamb, the fur is flatter and not so tightly curled, whilst the leather is softer than that of the Persian lamb. There are many cheap imitations of both Caracul and Persian Lamb.

Marten, American or Canadian Sable : Baum ; Stone.—All these may be either natural, topped, or dyed. "topped" means that the top hairs have been brushed with a darkening compound, whilst "dyed" implies that the skin has been dipped in the dye. The price of a natural skin is over five times that of a similarly coloured, but topped or "shaded" skin.

Mink.—Canadian and American. May be described as the hardest wearing fur that is used for the manufacture of coats. Hair should be silky and dark oaken brown in colour, with a darker stripe running down the back. Good and reliable. Russian mink, which is harsher, is not good wearing fur. Chinese and Japanese are not suited to coat manufacture, but work up into excellent ties.

Musquash.—Brown, the skin of the muskrat. Full fur should be looked for, and the colour should not be too red. Southern—flatter and less fur, comes from Central States of U.S.A. Black—the best is rather blue than black, thick fur, and dark blue undergrowth.

Persian Lamb.—The points to look for are the brightness of the fur and the tightness of the curl; the most prized is the "coffee bean" curl, which term explains itself. The weight of the skins is also a point to consider.

Caracul.—A different type of lamb to the above, the brightness of the moiré design should be looked for.

Fur Seal.—The would-be purchaser should ask for North-west Coast or Alaska seal. The other varieties—Lobos, Cape of Good Hope, etc., are not so sound as the two above-mentioned. The fact of asking by these names would prevent the buyer being given some cheap imitation.

Broadtail.—Must not be too thin in the leather or the outer skin will have a tendency to "crack." The design should not be too regular, but rather a "watered" appearance.

Nutria.—Coypu Rat. Short think pile and

SILVER FOX: The finest skins are those with dark, well-covered necks and half the body well-silvered. The fur which should "flow" easily, should be heavy on the hind quarters

and evenness of colour (a light brown) should be looked for.

Otter, Sea.—One of the rarest of skins. Rich dark brown, slightly silvered, and good heavy pile. Used to trim men's coats in Japan. Was very fashionable in Russia under the Czars.

Pony.—The most popular fur of the year. Should be bright in appearance, brown or black in colour, light in weight, and a moiré pattern. The less expensive skins are shaggy.

Raccoon.—American, Chinese, and Japanese. The best is American. Good effective hard-wearing fur. Should be better known in this country.

Sable.—Russian. One of the most expensive furs. Long dark full silky fur is a characteristic of the best skins, and occasional silvering is no drawback. Cheaper skins are topped or dyed.

Sable.—Chinese. Not so good as Russian—inferior dressing and usually silvered.

Sable.—Japanese. Inferior in every respect.

You will notice two omissions from this list—chinchilla and fisher. The fisher is one of the largest of the martens, and the real expert would as soon give his wife a fisher fur as any. It is very uncommon in England. In general its colour is greyish-brown or brownish-black, becoming a lighter shade towards the head. The tails are almost black and, the pelts used separately as ties, are as rich as, and more durable than, any other fur suitable for the use to which it is applied. Altogether the fisher is a remarkable animal. It is two or three feet long, yet it can enter a hole only four inches in diameter, and it is the most active of all animals that live in trees. The marten can catch the squirrel, but the fisher can catch the marten. It is equally at home on the ground, and can run down hares in open chase. It runs the fox like a hound. It kills large deer, and even eats porcupines. The truth of the matter is that all the best furs come from small fierce, cruel animals of the weasel and marten type, like mink, sable, and ermine, except the chinchilla.

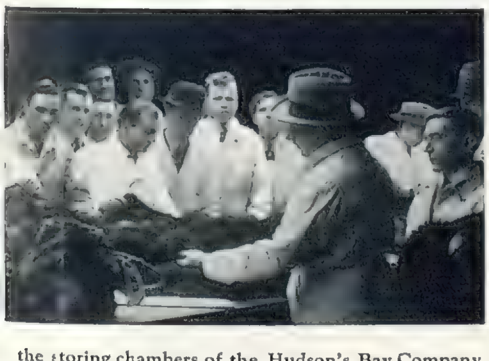
The paradox of the chinchilla is that no chinchilla coat is less than ten years old. The reason is that the chinchilla, a small, amiable, South American land-rodent, has been so thinned out in its native haunts that a law was passed just after the War forbidding their export. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the chinchilla skin was very common, and fetched only five or six shillings a skin. At that time they were made up into children's muffs, or even into boas. To-day, a chinchilla pelt is worth £50, and a complete chinchilla coat costs anything up to £10,000. Its fur should be of a slaty-blue hue with a fine lustre, and "guard-hairs" perfectly white except for the points, which are slightly darkened. The centre or middle back is of a slightly greyish colour. I only know six women who own chinchillas, and one day last week I saw three of them having supper at the Embassy Club. It created quite a sensation when Gloria Swanson was followed by Lady Furness, who in turn was followed by the Comtesse de Villeneuve. The presence of Prince Lennart and his fiancée was completely overshadowed. Monsieur Revillon, when I mentioned this entrancing spectacle to him, told me that he has in the past few years seen the same chinchilla worn by three different women who, in turn, have bought it, sold it, and bought it again. An English Duchess and Fanny Ward are two other people I know who possess chinchillas. Monsieur Revillon himself, I gather, is just as fond of a real Russian sable. These go up in price to £4,000 and more. They have to be bought nowadays from the Soviet. I saw Mrs. Marshall Field, the former Audrey Coats, wearing one at the Ritz the other day, and that created a great deal of interest among the women lunching also, especially as she was sitting over a cocktail with the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald and another pretty woman who were wearing lovely mink coats. A sable skin, which is only the size of your hand is worth anything from £20 to £100 if it is a good one. The quality, as in all furs, depends on the time of year when the sable is trapped. There is all the difference in the world between a summer coat and a winter coat, and the best pelts must be taken in December or January.

The Hudson's Bay Company has no fewer than seventeen trading posts well within the Arctic Circle. The farthest north is at Pond's Inlet, where roving tribes of Eskimos bring in the pelts of white foxes to be bartered once a year with the company's ship, usually the *Nascope*. Money is, of course, no good to them. Bacon, flour, guns, rifles, and cartridges are what they want. The day when you could exchange a string of beads for a white fox fur are gone. At the other trading posts most of the furs come in from white trappers, and then are sent down in bales to Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Montreal, and Quebec, where they await shipment to England. Despite everything there is no dropping-off in the fur business. Women's extravagance, as a cynic pointed out to me, will always guarantee the popularity of furs. They know that a fur will not last like

(Continued on p. 418)

A TRIO OF DISTINCTION: A coat of north-west seal with with Prince of Wales's Island silver fox collar—an all-British model; a caracul bolero trimmed with Russian ermine—a delightful garment for early spring; and a Canadian mink coat made from dark pelts from Eskimo Bay finely worked in the new mode—and the all-British model. All three examples of the furrier's art are by Revillon Frères of Regent Street

BEARSKIN: This fur is used primarily for rugs but another function it fulfils is in the manufacture of busbies for Guardsmen. Women seldom wear it.



the storing chambers of the Hudson's Bay Company. moment as to whether farm-bred foxes or wild beasts whether a hardy life tends to make the animals virile easy one sleek or flabby

HERALDS of the SPRING

Things You May See this Week—If You Look in the Right Places!

No. 1

With the first breath of sun-warmed air life, that has been lying dormant beneath protective cover during the winter, begins to stir. Despite the frost and snow, the crocus has daringly pushed out its head and burst into bloom as a spring song of colour; those creatures of the wild that have been snugly hibernating, urged by a quickening blood stream, look forth from their shelters and start to lead an active life once again.

The earliest of our mammals to respond to the call of the spring is the hedgehog. This creature does not hibernate so profoundly as dormice and bats, but occasionally ventures forth from its hiding-place to search for food in the midst of winter.

Although these animals are warm-blooded, their power of regulating their body heat in accordance with that of the external atmosphere is much more limited than in the case of other mammals, the temperature of which remains constant (except during illness) irrespective of external influences. This inability causes them to seek protection from the cold by ensconsing themselves in some retreat that remains at a higher temperature than that prevailing outside.

The first of the bats to awaken from their winter sleep is the pipistrelle, and shortly afterwards the more familiar long-eared bat appears, as well as several other kinds. The dormouse also arouses itself and comes forth after its five or six months' slumber, during which period its heart-beats slacken to such an extent, and its vitality is so low, that were the creature to be suddenly disturbed it would probably die from shock.

The reptiles of our countryside, all of which are cold-blooded, and are incapable of producing heat so as to counteract any loss of heat due to external conditions, are unable to exist without seeking shelter where they are protected from the cold. Our well-known grass or ring-snake, for instance, wriggles its way into some convenient hiding-place (such as a hole in a bank, a crevice beneath the roots of a tree, or in the midst of a manure heap), large numbers of the reptiles often associating together, and remaining coiled up in a dormant state throughout the winter.

If we have early sunshine they will creep forth one by one into the open air, scattering in all directions, and making their way to some thick undergrowth in the neighbourhood of water. Later in the season the female (which is considerably larger than the male) produces her eggs. As many as fifty may be deposited at a time, and these are placed in the midst of decaying vegetation or rotting manure. The heat generated by this material hatches the eggs and the young ones emerge after an interval of about six weeks by breaking forth from their temporary prison with the aid of a small pimple-like prominence or "egg tooth" that is situated upon the extremity of their snouts. This growth is shed when the baby reptiles are two days old. The viper, or adder, also leaves its retreat and commences to feed voraciously. He has few enemies, but one he cannot master—the hedgehog—and though there is no abundance of this poisonous snake in this country it is just as well that a natural enemy exists capable of destroying it.

Like the adder and hedgehog the more interesting of the hibernating animals of the British countryside will only be found by sharp-eyed seekers. The badger, for instance, must be watched for at eventide, but numerous other signs of early spring are obvious to the most casual observer; the stray butterfly, awakening hedgerows, and the coming of the first migrant birds.

W. S. B.

OUR LADY'S MANTLE (Alchemilla) has a peculiar property which makes it an especially satisfactory setting for a piece of Nature's jewellery; when moisture touches the leaf it does not spread evenly but rolls up into beautifully-formed beads round the edge, for all the world like pearls

A LONELY PIONEER: A green-veined white butterfly on a piece of heather, sure evidence of the approach of clement weather

VORACITY: The adder, creeping forth after hibernation has an appetite appeased largely by lizards tempted out by the spring sun

THE DANCE OF DEATH: The common adder is a jazz specialist. If there be a dearth of females two males or more join in a strange ecstatic dance and the heads strike convulsively so fast that a camera geared to one-hundredth of a second cannot record an unblurred impression

INVERTED REPOSE! The long-eared bat is not the first to emerge from hibernation but reacts to hunger in warm weather

HEREDITARY FOES: The common adder (*Viper Berus*) has few dangerous enemies other than man, but one, the hedgehog, attacks him on sight. In attempting to defend himself from his armoured assailant, the snake strikes again and again with increasing despair at the spiney mail until his head is a mass of blood. Undismayed and methodically the hedgehog pursues his attack, and seizing his opportunity, bites sharply at the writhing body and, with one well-aimed shot, snaps the snake in two

ART and CRAFT of the WEEK

"FOR THINE ESPECIAL SAFETY": Mr. and Mrs. Polunin decorating the safety curtain of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre to be opened next month by the Prince of Wales

A COTTAGE CRAFT: Mr. W. Fishley Holland of Clevedon, Somerset, carries on, with his son and daughter, the ancient art of hand thrown pottery. The clay comes from his own garden and the only mechanical device used is a centuries-old potter's wheel. Mr. Holland is a descendant of George Fishley

A "LIFE" FOR A LIVING: A "life" class at the Grosvenor School of Modern Art which is held every day save during the week-ends, and is attended by many students

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH B.A.: Mr. J. A. R. Stevenson, who was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, now runs the Devon Smithy near Whimple, and specializes in wrought iron work. Mr. Stevenson has made a grille for the Prince of Wales's home at Fort Belvedere

"MASKS AND FACES"! Mr. Oliver Messel in his studio where, following his phenomenal success with "*Helen!*" he is now concentrating on designing the *décor* for the forthcoming presentation of *The Miracle* at the Lyceum

AN HERCULEAN TASK! The statue in oolite of Hercules, which weighs some seven-and-a-half tons was removed from the Jermyn Street branch of the V. and A. to the South Kensington building—a task which occupied fifteen men for three days

STEEPLE

ASCOT OVER THE STICKS

Lord Stalbridge's *Jack Drummer*, Miss Dorothy Paget's *Insurance* (6) the winner, and Sir Hugh Nugent's *Song of Essex* (5), placed second in the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup

FEMININE INTEREST

Lady Mary Lygon and Miss Diana Coventry at the National Hunt Meeting, Cheltenham, where the personnel, if not the modes — or the weather! — was "Terribly Ascot"

A FALLING JOCK CLUTCHES A REIN! McCann takes a toss at Kempton

A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE: Sir Edward Malet's fall from *Clementina*

SITTING ON THE FENCE! Spectators watch the racing from the rails during the National Hunt Cup Meeting at Cheltenham in clear cold weather

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS meet in front of the Weston Birt School — a break in the curriculum heartily welcomed by the pupils!

A DRESS REHEARSAL FOR THE "NATIONAL": A general view of the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham where the finest jumpers in the country are to be seen

ECHASING IN FULL SWING

NASTY TOSS: Lord George Scott on *Bettyfield* in the House Grind C.C.

PARTED! Mr. G. Bennion leaves his mount, *Leicester* in the Cambs. U. Steeplechase

VATER JUMP: A thrilling moment during the Newent Selling Steeplechase at Cheltenham, won by Mrs. Michael Scott's *Avion* (not seen above)

TRAGEDY AVERTED by equine instinct in the House Grind Challenge Cup at Oddington. *Right*—IN FULL SWING: Ruffle takes a toss at Kempton

A PEEP INTO THE PADDOCK

A group of keenly interested ladies peep into the paddock at the Aldershot (Bona Fide) Military Steeplechase Meeting at Aldershot

THE CAMERA RECORDS EQUINE ACTION

In the two larger views the lens has registered brilliantly both the action and forward speed of the horses

A moment during a race meeting at Kempton Park — the Manor Selling Steeplechase won by *Gafadoun* from *Royal Lancs* and *Pishogue*. The winner (14) is seen taking the jump behind *Pishogue* (10)

BOOKS—

The Real Scott at Last: An Expensive Book Worth its Price: Italian Modesty: *Arabia Felix* in Her Commentator: Stethoscopic Biography

By CECIL ROBERTS

This week provides us with more biography. The Scott Centenary has already produced a study of the novelist by Dame Une Pope-Hennesy, which I reviewed last week, now comes the study of Scott by Colonel John Buchan. *Sir Walter Scott* (Cassell. 9s. 6d.). This is a long, carefully-written biography by a master of the crafts of fiction and biography. It is so good that I think we shall speak of Buchan's *Scott* hereafter, and let Lockhart sink with the weight of his work. Moreover, Colonel Buchan has missed nothing in the recent material which has come to light about the great Scotsman. He draws a portrait of the laird of Abbotsford, at once critical and sympathetic. Here is no literary acidity due to ill-digested matter. Scotland parades before us, the man emerges in his littleness and his greatness, he remains at the end the lovable, heroic figure he has been in public estimation for fifty years. Never has the influence he exerted and the position he occupied been better expressed than in one of Colonel Buchan's closing passages:

"Scott completed what the eighteenth-century philosophers had begun, and gave to her own Renaissance. He is, with Burns, her great liberator and reconciler. He saved his land from the narrow, rootless gentility, and the barren utilitarianism of the illuminates; he gave her confidence by reopening to her the past; and he blended into one living tradition many things which the shallow had despised and the dull had forgotten."

ON THE ROAD TO HEALTH: Mr. John Drinkwater, the brilliant dramatist and historian, who has made a remarkable recovery from a serious attack of influenza followed by bronchitis—to the delight of literary folk

Mr. S. J. Woolf's book, *Drawn From Life* (McGraw Hill Co. 25s.) is a very different form of biography. Mr. Woolf is an American portrait artist, who has pursued celebrities all over the earth. His collection is here presented in forty-two portraits with text accompanying them.

While naturally American celebrities loom large in his gallery the range is astonishingly wide—Shaw, Einstein, Coolidge, Jeans, Claudel, Clemenceau, Churchill, Paderewski, Mussolini, Stresemann, Toscanini, Lipton, Chesterton, Booth Tarkington—he touches all phases of life. The outstanding merit of this excellently produced book is that one hardly knows which to praise more, the beautiful line drawings or the equally revealing text which accompanies them. Mr. Woolf is an admirable artist with a pen as gifted as his crayon. He abounds in wit and common sense, he is never dazzled by his celebrities, he takes them at his own level-headed valuation, and is respected for his candour. What he had to report of them is often original and never banal. The preface prepared one for this sensibility.

"I am not trying to tear halos from anyone. I do not think halos exist. I am not endeavouring to detract one whit from the genius of great men in any field. I do not for one minute attempt to imply that men achieve reputations without tremendous capacity. But I assuredly believe that more geniuses have been born and died unsung than have ever been heard of. Capability by itself is not sufficient. It must be accompanied by luck, and it must secure recognition."

I have always maintained that, and have been waiting for someone experienced and courageous enough to say it. G. B. Shaw, as usual, emerges well from the ordeal. He is infallible copy. He spoke to the artist of his visit to Strindberg, who was sometimes a professional invalid.

"I received a reply that Mr. Strindberg was too ill to receive me. But the next day, without any action on my part, I received a note saying he would be at home that afternoon. I went. For an hour he was charming. Suddenly he pulled out his watch, looked at it for a moment, and in a fearful voice said, 'In twenty minutes I shall be a grieviously ill man.' To this day, said G. B. S., I do not know whether this was the result of my visit or of a diseased mind."

Mr. Woolf is amusing on the secretaries who guard the great. He now ignores them and approaches the man direct. One glance at Mr. Woolf's work would make it hard for anyone to refuse him, and he possesses the gift of extracting but never abusing confidences. He found Winston Churchill building at Westerham. "See that wall. That is my doing also. You can imagine the amount of fun I had in building it, for apart from the actual pleasure of seeing it grow, I think that I planned out a couple of books while I was laying the bricks."

Twenty-five shillings is a lot of money for a book, but this book is worth every penny of that sum.

As the years skip by, I begin to wish more and more that I had kept a record of the coincidences that I have personally experienced. I would then send this little book to those obtuse critics who always fall foul of the novelist who relies on a coincidence in his story. I have always maintained that the use of a coincidence is not a sign of weakness in construction; on the contrary, it is a sign of strength. The writer who dare not bring into his work the thing that he experiences in life, merely because it is difficult to make it convincing, is clearly shirking his task. This week I have again had experience of the fantastic in life, in a manner that few critics would accept in fiction. In my novel, *Spears Against Us*, I describe some of the fighting between the Austrians and the Italians which took place on Monte Tofana. I had never seen any trenches there, my knowledge of the mountain was limited to a ten-minutes' halt while motoring from Venice to Bolzano. In the story I described in detail a perilous exploit on the rock face, and drew a picture of the hut in which the soldiers lived on the edge of the precipice. The other day, after leaving Sir Rennell Rodd, I walked into this office and found among the books for review, one, *The War on the Italian Front*, by Luigi Villari (Cobden-Sanderson. 18s.). It contained a preface by Sir Rennell Rodd. Opening the book, the first illustration I found was of a hut and trench on Monte Tofana, exactly as I had described it, even to the details of the buttressing! For a moment I had the feeling that somewhere I had read a novel describing this trench, and that I had actually lived in that hut.

Of course I read the book, and I have not regretted it. I have to confess that I have always shied at the name of Signor Villari. His persistent pro-Fascist propaganda for his Government in this country, carried on with such pugnacity, coupled with my sympathy for the subjugated Tyrol, in which the Italian Government has often behaved arrogantly and foolishly, had made me doubtful of his ability to present a dispassionate account of the war on the Italian front. But this story of Italy's difficult task, her recovery from failure, her brilliant campaigns against a worse enemy than man—the cold, the snow, the avalanche—is most moderately presented. It cannot fail to increase our admiration for the accomplishment of the Italian army, and should do much to dispel that under-estimation of our ally's achievement of which we are guilty. Here were men from the torrid South fighting on ice-slopes, in arctic conditions, tackling the well nigh-impregnable barrier of the Alps, fighting desperately over every inch of contested ground, with artillery brought into use only after supreme feats of engineering.

Signor Villari's restraint is most telling. He gives a table of the number of Italian dead, of men put into the field, and of territory given to Italy at the close, and compares these with the numbers and territory gained by her allies. It is impossible not to feel that Italy has not received her due recognition and reward. The book, while filling me with admiration of the Italian achievement, also increases my admiration of Austria's effort. After so much bloodshed, so much gallantry, she lost her territory and was stripped of all her assets. Signor Villari's book is at once a tribute to his own people and to the enemy.

"The finest thing in Arabian exploration." That is T. E. Lawrence's tribute in his preface to *Arabia Felix* by Bertram Thomas (Cape. 25s.). It is a singular thing, as Lawrence points out, that the old guard of Arabian exploration was headed by two poets. "Upon each return from the East I would repair to Doughty, a looming giant, white with eighty years, headed and bearded like some Renaissance Isaiah. Doughty seemed a past world in himself: and after him I would visit Wilfrid Blunt. An Arab mare drew Blunt's visitors deep within a Sussex wood to his quarried house, stone-flagged and hung with Morris tapestries. There in a great chair he sat, prepared for me, like a careless work of art in well-worn Arab robes, his chiselled face framed in silvered, curling hair. Doughty's voice was a caress, his nature sweetness. Blunt was a fire yet flickering over the ashes of old fury."

This book closes an epoch. Thomas's achievement takes rank among the very finest in exploration. Moreover, it was an old style victory over the remaining unknown territory, for he used neither car nor aeroplane, but pioneered on the back of that faithful servant, the camel. And in Thomas, with an eye for detail, weather-wise, full of folk-lore, the scientist alert at all moments, there dwells the heart of the poet. An eternity of time and sand perhaps deepens the contemplative mind. Of the Arab, he writes: "Life is the quest for green pastures, rain the gift of God, and lightning man's pillar of fire. The great changing world without; the rise and fall of kingdoms; science and art and learning; spiritual forces at work for human betterment and immoral systems making for human degradation; the welter of races, tongues and classes—of these he is unaware. They have no meaning and therefore no existence for him. He follows the primitive life his fathers have led for ten thousand years, and his sons must live for as long to come." This is a serious contribution to geographical knowledge, and to Arabian lore. It is also a solemn study of man extracting from the inhospitable desert the means of survival.

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RECOMMENDED LIST

"The Königsberg Adventure," by KEBLE CHATTERTON (Hurst and Blackett. 18s. net); "English Painting," by CHARLES JOHNSON (Bell. 15s. net); "Turf, Chase, and Paddock," by WM. FAWCETT (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net); "Sobieski: King of Poland," by J. B. MORTON (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d. net); "Robert Emmet," by RAYMOND W. POSTGATE (Secker. 10s. 6d. net); "Goethe," by BARKER FAIRLEY (Dent. 8s. 6d. net); "Louder and Funnier," by P. G. WODEHOUSE (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d. net).

Novels:

"The Heartless Traveller," by LADY PATRICIA RUSSELL (Hamilton. 7s. 6d. net); "House for Sale," by ELISSA LANDI (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net); "The White Leopard," by INGLIS FLETCHER (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net).

THE FINEST THING IN *PAULETTE*, the new musical comedy at the Savoy, is the ballet of the classic "Les Sylphides" type. It lifts the whole production to a level much higher than any other element in the presentation even touches

PLAYS—

Much Ado About Little at the of York's: Mental Indigestion at the

By PHILIP

In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king. Among a crop of productions ranging from the dull to the futile, *Important People*, by Wyndham Mallock, stood out nobly. That is not high praise. Nor is it exactly a compelling recommendation that this is far and away the best play produced at the Vaudeville for a long time. But it has intrinsic merits, none the less, and it is acted extremely well. It is not pretentious, its characters talk like human beings, and it is not boring. It is much ado about very little. And it is a much better play than *Much Ado About Nothing*.

The author's theory seems to be that if a married couple have nothing to do they will squabble, and that if they go in for politics they will squabble still more.

The Westcots are rich and idle, Mr. Westcot spending most of his time in an old suit and a potting shed while his marriage is going to pot. His wife is a voluble, scatter-brained sort of woman with no convictions but a sense of humour. So she takes up politics and wins by five votes an election in which her husband is the defeated candidate. Any real husband would have been only too thankful to find his wife with something to occupy her time and mind. But Mr. Westcot, instead of potting more intensively, wears new clothes, exhibits jealousy, and becomes aggressively politics-conscious. When on a recount he wins by three votes, he talks with immense seriousness while his wife threatens to go abroad. In the last act we have a second recount which leaves the husband and wife tied in the numerical as well as the matrimonial sense.

Such things cannot happen in real life, but they do happen at the Vaudeville, and they are not bad fun. If the Westcots were a more interesting pair and if enough happened to suggest that *Important People* really is a three-act play instead of a padded-out sketch, my verdict would be more favourable.

Mr. Mallock has a better gift of dialogue than he has of construction. He seldom rises above letting his people chatter at great length in pairs; when more than two of them are on the stage he does not know what to do.

A long introductory duologue to explain matters was only redeemed by the tactful way Mr. George Relph and Miss Mercia Swinburne handled it. Miss Swinburne has a knack of timing a colourless line so perfectly that it seems a masterpiece of wit.

Miss Marie Löhr and Mr. Henry Edwards made the married couple welcome whatever they said or did. Less clever treatment would have made them intolerable.

Miss May Chevalier, who plays the title-rôle in *The Iron Woman* at the Duke of York's, is such a fine actress that I marvel that she has not been seen in London for over twenty years, and that theatrical works of reference carry no mention of her. Still more do I marvel that Miss Chevalier, who

Ballet pictures by Pollard Crowther

CHALLENGING A SUPERSTITION: The new Cochran presentation, *The Cat and the Fiddle*, by Otto Harbach, with music by Jerome Kern, was first shown to London yesterday week (Friday, March 4). The cast includes Miss Peggy Wood, Mr. Francis Lederer, and that supreme artist, Mlle. Alice Delysia. The costumes were designed and supervised by the Marchioness of Queensberry

Vaudeville: *Clichés* at the Duke
Fortune: Antiques at the Savoy

PAGE

rarely leaves the stage in this play, has her name printed in small type, while another actress who plays a smaller part and who, on the night of my visit, was almost inaudible, has her name printed in larger type than anyone.

The inner workings of our London theatre are indeed mysterious. Far more mysterious indeed than *The Iron Woman*, which is a heavily sentimental comedy of about the same type and vintage as *The Iron Master*.

The tantalizing thing about it is that with a little pulling about and the scrapping of every word the author has written, it would probably be a very good play indeed. It is not that this forest of *clichés* was in itself a serious fault; indeed, I find something rather lovable in a *cliché*-ridden play, for one can have some quiet amusement having bets with oneself as to what the next *cliché* will be—and always winning them.

But I do object to being confronted with sentences of such stilted complication that they positively need parsing. Much of *The Iron Woman* sounded like Henry James and water, with a deuce of a lot of water. People really do not talk like that, and should not even write like it.

The "Iron Woman" herself was a rich and domineering old North Country widow whose grown-up children were either rotters or semi-rotters. One son drank and forged. Another married for love and lectured his mother about it so smugly that I was not surprised when she smacked his face. The daughter married an imbecile Duke and bolted with a successful Irish novelist. A grandchild—the result of the love-match—brought soft, melting tears to the lady of iron (and brass) and the curtain fell on an orgy of prose that was a mixture of Macaulay and film-captions.

Except for Miss Chevalier, Mr. John Wyse as the novelist, and Mr. Alfred Clark in a negligible part, the acting was not distinguished.

Miss Ernita Lascelles has aimed high in her first play, *Fire*, produced at the Fortune Theatre. I doubt whether the most experienced dramatist would care to take the Reformation as a subject for farce, to suggest that Archbishop Cranmer was the lover of Queen Katherine Howard, to make Henry VIII a comic figure with a penchant for American slang, and to dabble in the Einstein theory, all at the same time.

The result suggests a bad attack of Shavian indigestion. Miss Lascelles is either much too intelligent or not intelligent enough, both states being difficult to cure, particularly the former (which I suspect to be the real one) when there is combined with it an abundance of facetiousnes and no humour at all.

But if certain characters in this play are facetious the task as a whole has been undertaken with immense solemnity. There is, of course, a programme note in which the author informs us that "Thomas Cromwell had been executed sixteen years before the date of my play. I have brought him to life to facilitate the treatment of an already difficult theme." How a difficult theme can be made easier by distorting history I do not know. Such explanations strike me as being merely pretentious.

The programme provides still further information about various members of the cast; one lady, I read, was "premier (sic) danseuse at the Dartington Hall School of Dance Mime," and a second lady "worked in the Schauspielhausen principle (another sic) theatre in Dresden." I do not make these quotations for their value as news, but because they are a useful indication. No form of serious endeavour should be discouraged, and I do not question the excellence of the Dartington Hall School of Dance Mime. But art-and-craftiness in a London theatre must keep itself within proper bounds. It may be, though I do not admit it personally, permissible to distort fantastically the figure of Cranmer and to play all manner of tricks with both time and history. What cannot be tolerated is an attempt to be impressive at all costs. Seldom have I been so bored in a theatre, or so irritated.

With some trepidation nowadays does one write of new musical comedies other than in the past tense. I have seen pieces I have enjoyed more than I did *Paulette* perish ignominiously after less than a week. But it is only just to add that after the curtain fell on the first performance of this unambitious little effort at the Savoy, there was considerable applause.

Paulette is of about the 1902 vintage. Although our musical plays grow, for the most part, neither wittier nor wiser, they grow just a shade less imbecile, and have, usually, a new joke an act. We should, on these lines, find three such jokes at the Savoy, one in the first act, one in the second, and another in the third.

The authors, however, have decided that humour should be rationed into nothing, and except for a none too abundant parade of veteran wheezes and a brief moment in a chocolate shop, when Mr. Dick Francis, the valet-comedian, showed some promise of being funny over the telephone, *Paulette* was a solemn business.

The best performance came from Miss Ena Grossmith, who even managed to survive a burlesque ballet dance—a form of activity which never has been funny and never will be. As the heroine, who, snatched from a loveless wedding in a village near Nice inhabited by Bretons, turns up on a yacht as a cabin-boy, and later, for no reason whatever, at a café in Vienna, Mlle Mireille Perrey was very pert and dark and broken-Englished. Mr. Paul England sang well, Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor will have no difficulty in becoming her attractive self again when she ceases to frizzy her hair in an absurd fashion and to stand with her hands on her hips; Mr. Peter Haddon gave his familiar display of blue-blooded languor, which is neither so easy as it looks nor so amusing as it seems at first. Mr. Pepper has written some pretty tunes and Mr. Heuvel is to be congratulated on the way he made a small orchestra accompany an elaborate ballet.

Captain Reginald Berkeley's adaptation from the Maurice Rostand war play, *The Man I Killed*, now put on for a regular

(*Continued on p.* 418)

PUNCHINELLO REDIVIVUS: Mr. George Hayes as the new Punchinello, Miss Joyce Bland as the new Judy, and Miss Laura Cowie as The Dark Lady in the production at the Globe of a play which met with adverse criticism, but has now been given a second chance after being cleverly pulled together—a courageous effect of Mr. Maurice Browne. The staging is a thing of beauty

THREE LONDON SUCCESSES

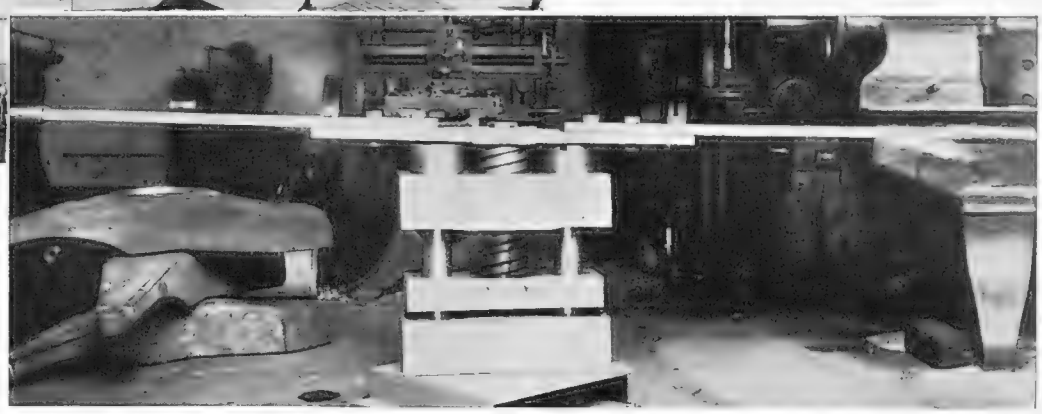
OVER 500 PERFORMANCES of *White Horse Inn* have been held—the more remarkable as two performances are given daily. Miss Dorothy Bettys and Miss Sheilah Fuller are seen above in character

FROM THE CORNERS of the EARTH

THE SEAT OF REAL GOVERNMENT: The Viceroy and Vicereine leave Viceroy's House, New Delhi, in State to address the Assembly. The extreme formality of the proceedings, vividly reproduced above, is, under the *régime* of Lord and Lady Willingdon, no mere empty show but an earnest of the strong hand which, after the uncertain policy of the last three Viceroys—Lords Chelmsford, Reading, and Irwin—has made so welcome a re-appearance in Imperial affairs

FOUR OF THE 300 OPPONENTS AT ONCE played by Dr. Alekhine, the world's chess champion, in Paris, came from Poland Rumania, Poland, and Russia

"REMEMBER THE MAINE" is still a significant motto in Cuba, and the thirty-fourth anniversary of the disaster was celebrated with due ceremony at Havana

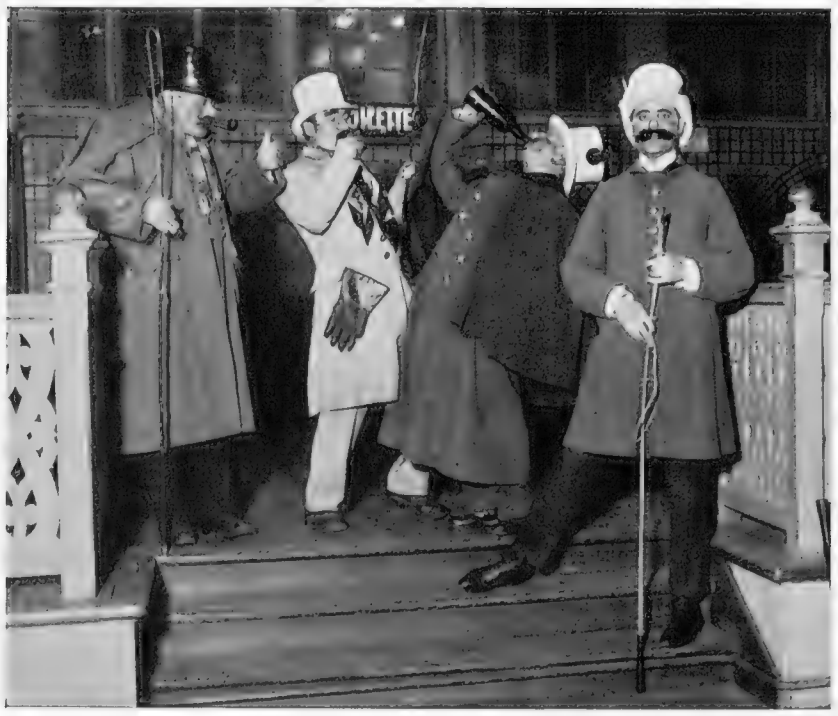


COUNTERFEITING APPARATUS: The press whereby Dr. Cornell Salabau of Berlin flooded the country with spurious two-mark pieces. Arrested with Frau Salabau, he confessed his guilt. The press was found concealed beneath the floor of his house

A CEREMONY RENEWED: Guards from the Rathenewerstrasse Barracks march to their posts at the Reichswehr Ministry, Unter den Linden—a position not occupied since 1918—to the high patriotic delight of the townsfolk

THE EX-EMPEROR OF CHINA: A portrait in European and one in native dress of the heir of the Manchus, Ta Ch'ing Huang Ti, who retained his rank after the Revolution of 1911 until his capture and ejection at the hands of the "Christian General," Feng Yu-hsiang, in 1924. He has refused the office of President of Manchuria, under Japanese support. "Pu Yi" is used only as a term of disrespect

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE



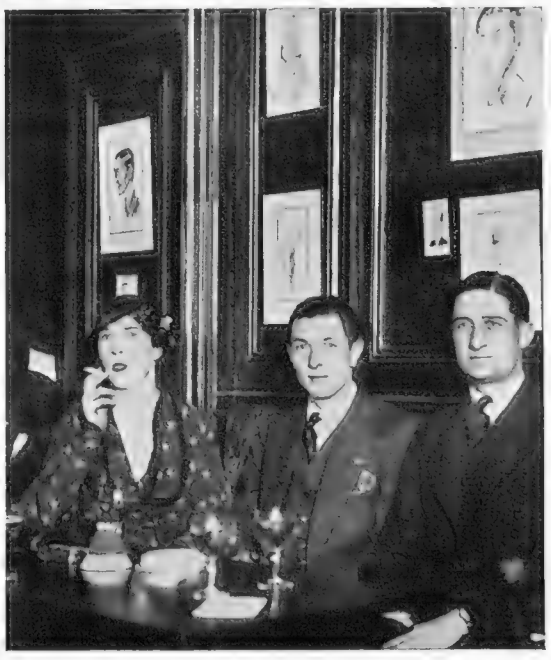
HISTORY COMES TO LIFE IN MONTMARTRE: *Cochers* of the nineteenth century at the Moulin de la Galette at the fancy dress ball attended by hundreds of Parisians. The Mi-carême procession did not take place this year

BILBOUQUET, a game which dates back to the court of Henri III, is all the rage in Paris now. One has to fling the ball and spike it as it rebounds. Distinguished actresses are here seen ready for play

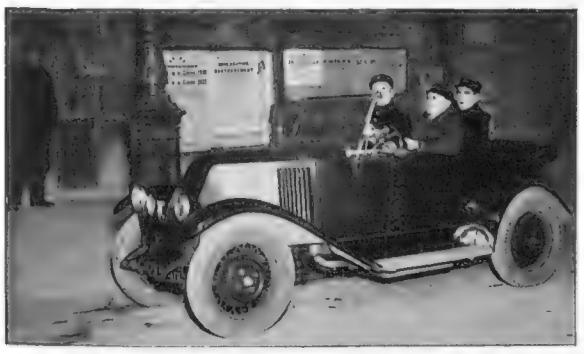
INVESTITURE OF THE GENDARMERIE: Lieut.-Colonel Garnier, presented to the Guard by Divisional General Pacault, Inspector of the 1st Arrondissement

AFTERMATH OF ROBBERY: Police investigate the spectacular robbery by three masked bandits of a bank in the Rue Lafayette and take finger prints

A FRENCH "TRADER HORN": M. Bernard Landau who has circled the globe nine times, acted as guide to Roosevelt, met K. of K. on terms of intimacy, sold lions for 20 francs a piece and, in Turkey, both horses and women for less—is now in Paris



HARRY'S BAR was packed with celebrities when George Houghton (right) held an exhibition of caricatures (opened by Gilbert White) on its premises



THE FLYING SQUAD: A highly powered Renault leaves the police station in response to a telephone call from one of the new alarm 'phones installed all over Paris

CHARITABLE PARIS throngs to the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs, held at the Opéra. M. Chiappe (prefect of police) and Mme Chiappe are seen above

TROGLODYTES OF THE PRESENT

CAVE DWELLINGS OF TO-DAY: A street in Medinen, Southern Tunisia. The ancient practice in time of war was to repair to the top floors whence guerilla actions could be maintained with comparative impunity

TROGLODYTIC FASHION: The inhabitants of Medinen wear a highly embroidered *burnous*

ASCENT HAZARDOUS: It is no easy matter to reach the upper floors in Medinen

ONE ABOVE THE OTHER: The inhabitants live as near the roof as possible

THE WELL in Medinen is worked by camel-power, the bucket being made of goatskin

IN ROBES OF STATE: The Caid of Medinen whose fierce face is overshadowed by his gigantic head-dress

Among the extraordinary types of dwelling to be found in Africa, from the pyramids, where dwell the royal dead, to Kraal, where sleep the servile living, the most remarkable is the *Ksar* of Medinen, writes a "Sphere" correspondent who has just returned from Southern Tunisia. The system of building was conditioned entirely by considerations of defence. Each building consists of a circular vault, on which single chambers are erected, one above another, to the greatest number the foundation can sustain. Interior stair-cases do not exist, and the exterior *escalier* is primitive in the extreme, each single step being far above the next, demanding no little physical activity to ascend them, and proving practically impossible of access to an attacking enemy. The style of architecture is primeval; and in times of war or invasion the population retired to the topmost rooms, used as granaries, which proved impregnable. The upper floors are still loop-holed! The martial tradition persists to-day to such an extent that the French have been hitherto unable to subject them to conscription — to the diminution of Gallic prestige among the neighbouring tribes. Though troglodytes are really cave dwellers, the folk of Medinen are troglodytes in effect, their "caverns" being man-made cavities in cliff-like structures

THE COIFFURE OF THE TROGLODYTE BELLES: The heavy silver ring is the conventional ornament of Medinen

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THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

"THE FINEST PANORAMA IN THE WORLD": The vista of Taormina dominated by smoking Etna

DENIZENS OF A NORTHERN LAND: Lapps leaving a station in their picturesque winter dress

SICILY

The Jewel of the Ionian Sea

Of all the historic islands in the Mediterranean there is none which offers such a wealth of present beauty and varied story as Sicily. Mythologically, it was the home of Ceres, the goddess of prosperity—historically, it was first settled by Dorian Greeks who landed there in the eighth century before Christ. For centuries the Greeks held their island colony against Carthaginians and other enemies, to surrender at last to Rome; from Sicily, for several centuries the Latins had drawn their corn and wine. With the fall of the Western Roman Empire, Sicily was invaded by the Vandals, to be succeeded by Goths and Saracens. They in their turn were replaced by a romantic invasion of the Normans. Spain held the island for 400 years. It was only in 1860 that Sicily became Italian, in the modern sense, by the successful invasion of Garibaldi. All these varied peoples have left traces of their occupation, so that the historically-minded visitor is almost overwhelmed by the feast of historic relics which face him at every turn.

One epoch, however, stands out more impressively than any other, by reason of the grandeur of the surviving relics, and the sheer, untouched beauty of their setting. One may stand knee-deep among the waving grass, the asphodels, and violets, and gaze at the splendid façade of the Temple of Concordia at Girgenti. It is a picture one will not readily forget. This massive Doric temple is perhaps the most impressive of its kind, either in Sicily, Italy, or Greece itself. Its warm, yellow columns tower against the sheer blue of the Sicilian sky.

RELICS OF MAGNA GRAECIA: The Temple of Dioscuri

For beauty of setting Solunto competes with Girgenti and Segesta, for here the loveliness of ruined temple and shattered masonry is enhanced by the exceptionally picturesque glimpses of rocky shore and bay immediately beyond. These marvellous Greek remains—they include theatres as well as temples—will occupy the tourist for days and weeks if he has the time. The traveller has but to turn aside to swing into some other epoch, Norman, Gothic, Spanish—he may take his choice when and where he will. When in need of exercise he can climb Monte Pellegrino, one of the most impressive headlands to be found anywhere in the Mediterranean. Gorged with sightseeing, he has only to descend to sea level and meet all the gaiety and life of Palermo.

The streets of the island are a perpetual joy to the visitor with any artistic sense. The painted carts of Sicily are famous. The spokes of the wheels and the sides of the cart itself are almost invariably picked out in canary yellow, red and green. The panels at the sides of the cart usually bear some mythological or historic scene.

The whole island is a paradise for the artist; everything seems to have the essentials of the picturesque. There are drawings to be made in all the famous towns such as Palermo, Cefalu, Taormina, Syracuse, Girgenti, and Marsala.

Sculptors will not fail to see the Bronze Ram from Syracuse so much admired by Goethe; collectors of coins are, of course, in a heaven of their own, for no part of Europe has probably produced more beautiful coins than those of the period of the Greek occupation.

There have been some very famous names connected with Sicily, either as rulers, invaders, or distinguished visitors. Goethe was one of these, but no student of English naval history can forget the close association of Nelson with the port of Palermo. Here, lured by the charms of Emma Hamilton, the great ships of the English Mediterranean fleet would come swinging in from Naples.

B. H.

RELICS OF THE GOTHIC: The ruins of an old cloister in Taormina

LAPLAND

The Appeal of a Northern Land

Lapland, to most of us, is still almost a Land of Legend. I well remember my amazement when I discovered that just over three days' travel carried one into the very heart of this mysterious country. And comfortable! But let me describe it all.

We left Tilbury on a Swedish Lloyd liner (they leave, I believe, every Wednesday and Saturday in summer) in the afternoon. The accommodation was very good; the food excellent. A day-and-a-half later we steamed up the river to the Swedish port of Gothenburg. (I never knew a port *could* be so clean!) After breakfast, we left in an electric express train for Stockholm. We travelled second class; but really, from what we saw of the third class, we might have saved some money and sacrificed very little comfort.

That afternoon we were sitting on the waterfront at Stockholm drinking tea and feeling extremely disinclined to move an inch farther. That is how most people feel when they see this glorious capital of islands for the first time. However, our train left next morning; seats were booked—we just had to go.

SUB-ARCTIC LOVELINESS: A waterfall in Lapland

The journey north was so eventless that it was extremely difficult to remember how quickly we were being whisked up out of civilization. After an excellent luncheon, we were just in time to catch a glimpse of Dalecarlia flashing by—the province famed for its picturesque Midsummer Eve festivals round the maypole; for costumes as old as the customs they celebrate are still worn at these times!

Later in the day, we plunged into the first of the great Angermanland forests. Those forests! In England, we haven't, we cannot have, any idea of the extent of a true forest. Mile after mile after mile for hours this great army of trees poured by; broken only, occasionally, by our thrilling passage over the equally famous Angermanland rivers—huge wild stretches of troubled water, choked with thousands and thousands of logs . . . No, indeed, you must see Angermanland to believe it!

Bedtime came again; though, for all the hint the sky gave of this, we might have never rested at all! For now we were so far north that darkness fell only for a short hour or two. However, by pulling the curtains to (though sorely against our will!) we managed to sleep.

When we awoke, the scene had indeed changed. We had come to Boden, the great northern military centre of Sweden. After a delicious breakfast (à la Swede!) we became—of all things—an electric train! And smoothly, smokelessly, we were drawn up and up into the wilds. We crossed and passed the Arctic Circle. The mountains loomed ever nearer and nearer. Reindeer could be seen on the slopes, and on the stations there were Lapps—perfect dears, in quaint blue, red and yellow coats and breeches, tasselled peaked hats and elfish-looking upturned fantastically pointed reindeer boots.

And—I have been saving this surprise to the very last—the sun was not only warm, it was positively *boiling!* When, finally, the train stopped at Abisko, and Lapps carried our bags to the little hotel in the wilds (cost about 10s. a day) we were thankful to gain the comparative coolness of the sweet little lounge overlooking the blue, mountain-rimmed waters of a lake. Nor was this heat a freak, for it more than outlasted our lengthy stay. What did we do? Well, first of all, we climbed a mountain just by the hotel (not so arduous as it sounds!) and arrived, purposely, at the top at about eleven at night—and saw the marvellous phenomenon of the Midnight Sun.

M. G.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

THE BEAUTY OF THE NORTH: A typical view of Lapland in spring

THE "CINEMA" dress is a somewhat new innovation. Here it is in black marocain with white insertions. The "tammy-hat" is of woven straw. Marshall and Snelgrove

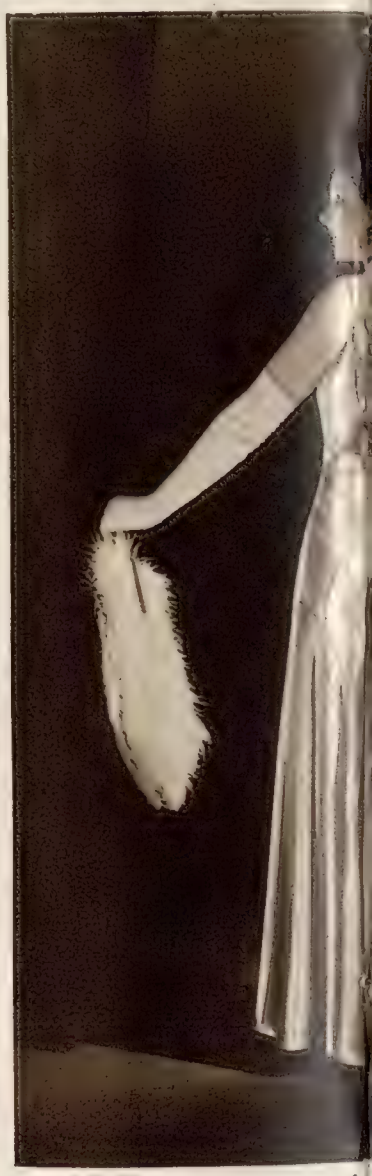
A SEMI-EVENING GOWN of black romain with a cowl-neckline. The coatee has decorative sleeves gathered tight to the elbow. Swan and Edgar

THE WORLD OF MODES * 19

IMPORTANT SPRING

"Sophisticated simplicity" might well be said to be the keynote of this season's fashions; indeed it is to this that most of the dresses shown at recent dress parades owe their remarkable success. This simplicity is frequently relieved by some interesting adornment; an unexpected splash of colour, for instance, or an elaborate sleeve. Sleeves are still very important, by the way, and short ones appear on many evening gowns.

Our clothes are still moulded closely to the figure, especially in the evening; in fact there is



A graceful evening gown of soft blue. Debenham

THIS RUST-COLOURED TWO-PIECE suit is carried out in a soft woollen material. The coat has a black satin waistcoat and wide lapels. Robinson and Cleaver

TWEEDS WITH A DIAGONAL weave are still to the fore. Here is an attractive example in brown, grey, and blue. The skirt has inverted pleats. Woollands

DRESS FABRICS

There is so much that is new and novel in the way of dress fabrics this Spring that it is difficult to know where to begin and where to end. But to my mind far the most interesting point to note is the amazing progress that British manufacturers have made during the last year.

Soft, flexible woollens and tweeds are very popular mediums for Spring suits and street frocks. These materials are usually plain, although interest is created by a certain roughness of surface.

Many of the evening gowns shown at the recent parades were made of lace. Satin, of

OF WOMEN

# of SPRING

32 *

DETAILS OF FASHION

more reason than ever for us to keep our youthful, slim figures, for our skirts are to be cut higher at the waist, and this is a dangerous line indeed, unless one can boast of really slender hips and waist. The cinema and the semi-evening gown which last year were making their first shy appearances, have definitely come to stay; the latter usually reaches to the ankle.

Buttons form a distinctive decoration to many a plain dress or coat. There may be a few or many, but invariably they are made in either chromium plating or brass.

rich satin in the new shade of and Freebody

AND COLOUR

course, is being very much worn.

Many enchanting new colours have made their début with the Spring displays. Various shades of blue are far more in evidence than any other colour. For evenings pale pastel shades, for day wear cornflower or bluebell blue, and our old friend, navy. Many of the most successful suits are carried out in a combination of navy and red. Then again there is the new white violet shade, which promises to be much favoured at the coming Courts.

M. D.

A SMART TWEED COAT in Spring green, trimmed with fox fur. It is cut on straight lines with an interesting sleeve, giving a deep cuff effect. Price £5 5s. Gorringe

DRESS OF FANCY WOOL material in deep violet, featuring the new pouched sleeves. It is finished with a yellow leather belt with chromium buttons. Jaeger

BLUE AND BEIGE CHECK tweed is used for this suit, the skirt of which has a plain back and two large box pleats in front. Harvey Nichols

WOOL ROMAIN in vivid tangerine is used for this day-frock, which is cut with knife-pleats and a semi-disclosed underslip of fawn georgette on the bodice. Corot

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE NEW HATS

In the world of millinery there is only one thing of which you can be really certain, that is that there are always bound to be many surprises. And, let me tell you, never more than this season. The fact that Englishwomen are now turning to London for their fashion inspiration has proved sufficient to put our hat designers upon their mettle, so much so that one enterprizing milliner held her dress show in London well in front of the Paris shows.

The surprise in store this season lies more in the materials utilized than actual change of line. Hats are still to be worn very much to one side and with a definite tilt over the eye. It is difficult to say whether the béret or the brimmed model is the more popular. Some typical straw examples are illustrated upon this page.

A hat of fancy coarse straw trimmed with two quills in front. It is obtainable in a range of eight fashionable colours. Liberty

An attractive combination of black and red straw. The close-fitting underbrim gives a becoming line to the face. Henry Heath

But to return to the materials themselves. A straw so fine and supple that it gives the appearance of a fabric is likely to be one of the most popular media for our summer millinery. It is known as "shantung" straw. But, on the other hand, there is the coarse type of straw which is so successfully worn with a tailored suit. Common or garden packing straw, bleached, of course, was used for one model I saw recently. It was greatly admired. Horse-hair was another original material used for a close-fitting hat, which was trimmed lavishly with flowers.

Waxed flowers, waxed ribbon, and angel-skin are the chief hat adornments of the Spring models, and, of course, as the days get longer and warmer flowers will be more to the fore.

SPEAKING OF SCARVES

Scarves are receiving much attention this season, and in form, fabric, and colour they are as varied as the most exacting of us could wish. For instance, in a sports ensemble I saw recently the loosely crocheted jumper had a scarf collar which could be tied cravat-wise when the jumper was worn with its accompanying short coat. Again, a full-length country tweed coat had a scarf to match attached to the collar, and which also could be tied at the neck.

Some very practical scarves are made of wool one side and a silk material the other; but the most novel note of all is struck by the plaited scarf. This has three ends, usually of varying colour, which are plaited together.

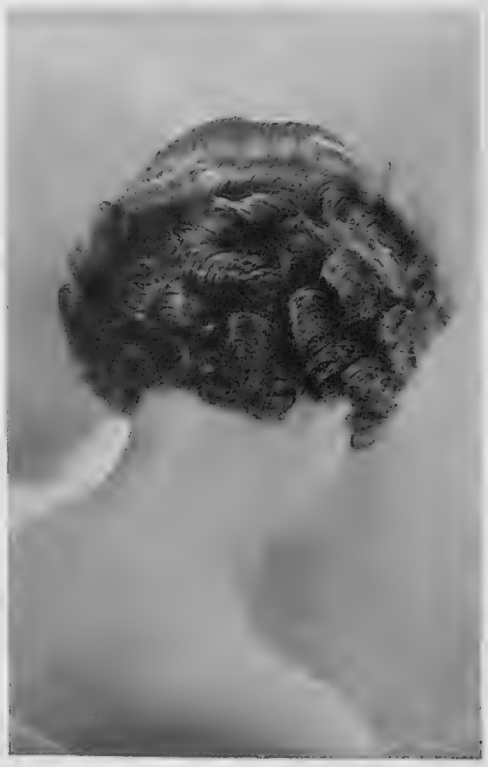
The pictures on the right and left are typical examples of the scarf as it is worn to-day. The one on the left is reversible, and secured by a pin which closely resembles a safety pin. In the recent Spring dress parades, many scarves of silk or georgette were shown with the summer frocks and suits. Spots, both large and small, played an important part in the decorative motif, but some of the very newest were in a geometrical pattern.

One of the new spotted scarves which are fashionable accessories to the Spring ensembles. It is worn with a short fur coat

The new cravat scarves are worn with the latest tailor-mades. The one is in black crêpe de chine lined with pink

THE NEW COIFFURE

During the past season the wind-blown coiffure has been the most talked-of event in the hairdressing world. Personally I think it is a great relief to know that most women have now ceased to toy with the notion of growing their hair *really* long. One grew weary of seeing so many heads of uncontrolable hair. One thing at least is certain that never before in the history of fashion has our millinery demanded such perfection of coiffure as they do to-day. By the way, a well-known coiffeur told me the other day that chestnut and a certain shade of *mouse* were the fashionable colours for hair to-day.



A "mingle" example of the new point hair-winding system. It is superior to the old method, taking less time and giving more comfort. Emile

A charming example of a modern coiffure by Emile, which would be very becoming to the youthful wearer

EVENING LINGERIE

When writing of clothes in general one is rather apt, I find, to ignore the all-important question of the foundation upon which the clothes are worn. Kestos, who are already world famous for their excellent brassières and belts have now designed a new model called the Kestos Décolleté. This design consists of a well-cut corset of supple silk and elastic combined with a brassière portion on the same principle as the well-known Kestos brassière. A patented fastening device up the centre of the back makes this garment quite simple to take on and off and insures a smooth surface under a close-fitting gown.

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WITH THE YOUNGER SET

DEBUTANTES' AID FOR THE UNEMPLOYED: The committee organizing the Bal Masqué held at Grosvenor House in aid of the unemployed in distressed areas. The committee meeting was held at the Hill Street house of Mrs. Cunninghame. Mr. Nanaton Wayne, who acted as M.C., is seen on right

THE BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPION: Mrs. Field gives an exhibition of figure skating at the Ice Carnival, Grosvenor House

LADIES OF THE PROGRAMME: A group, including Lady Caroline Paget, Lady Pamela Smith, and Lady Georgiana Curzon, of the distinguished ladies who sold programmes at the Karsarvina matinée held yesterday (Friday) at the Savoy Theatre in aid of King's College Hospital

A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION: The group at the dinner-party at Ciro's given to mark the nineteenth birthday of Miss Hodges, daughter of the ex-miners' delegate, Mr. Frank Hodges. Mr. Hodges is seen in the centre; the "birthday child" second from left

IN COMMITTEE: Lady Bridget Poulett and Miss Averil Streatfeild at the debutantes' committee for the Bal Masqué in aid of the unemployed

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* THE PETROL WORLD *

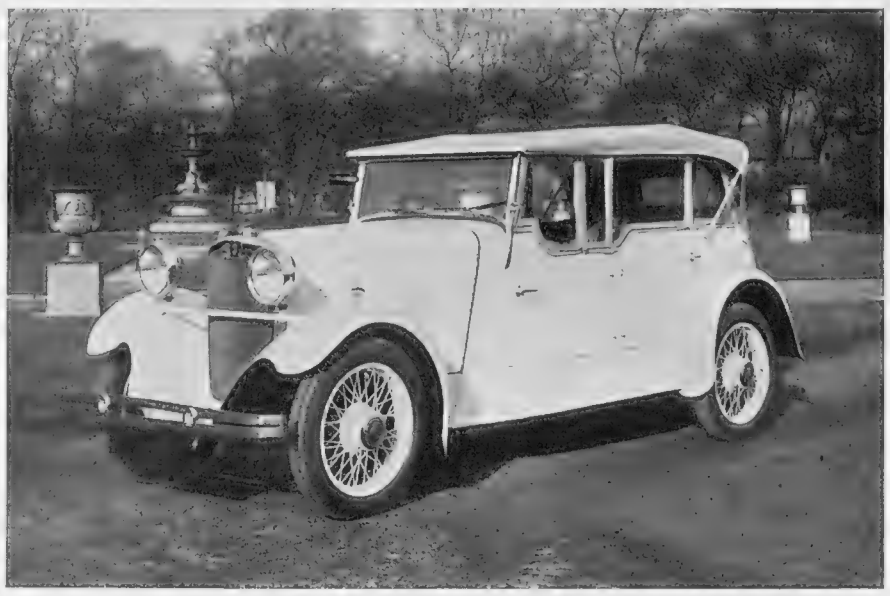
By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL.—The congratulations of the whole motoring community are being showered on Sir Malcolm Campbell for his very sporting effort at Daytona. Whilst we honour him as a driver who has travelled considerably faster on land than anyone else, we must not forget that he is an unofficial ambassador of Great Britain and is just as great a success in this latter rôle as he is in the world of speed. The American nation believes in action and not words, so that when Sir Malcolm goes out to Florida with the declared intention of breaking the world's land speed record and does so without much preliminary fuss or warming-up talk, he impresses the people of that country not only as an individual but also as a typical specimen of the race to which he belongs. Much of the success which has come his way in the last few years is undoubtedly the direct result of long experience in fast motoring, and it seems to me that any challenger from America, from Australia, or even from this country starts with a handicap against him, even if his car is as likely a winner as the famous *Blue Bird*. Keeping this fact in mind I think we may safely state that Sir Malcolm will keep this record to himself for many a long day.

THE RECORD - BREAKING PERSONNEL. — The driver is, of course, the person who takes the actual risk of death, but Sir Malcolm is always the first person to pay tribute to the many other individuals who have contributed to his success. I am glad to say the whole effort is entirely British. First of all there is Mr. R. A. Railton who designed the *Blue Bird* in its latest form. His life may not have been in danger during the actual moments when the car was travelling for its record, but I fancy he must have spent an uneasy time mentally, wondering if all his calculations and his design were correct, for had they not been a fatal accident might easily have occurred. The same anxious moments must have befallen the mechanics and fitters of Messrs. Thomson and Taylor (Brooklands), Ltd., who assembled and put the car together before its shipment to America. The Dunlop Rubber Company were likewise on tenterhooks as to whether their tyres would stand up to the terrific strain imposed upon them, particularly as Sir Malcolm went for the longer records. Amongst the other firms who contributed to this great British success were those who make K.L.G. sparking plugs, castrol oil, and Pratt's ethyl spirit. All praise, too, to the mechanics who went out with the car.

I know Sir Malcolm Campbell will receive a great welcome when he returns to this country, but whatever welcome is accorded him on his arrival by Government officials, the R.A.C. or anyone else, it will be nothing as compared with the enthusiasm and sincerity of the cheering which awaits him on Easter Monday at Brooklands, when he will drive the "Blue Bird" round the track. A Brooklands crowd is able to measure up the greatness of such a feat better than any other assembly.



CROSSLEY

The "Ten" sports touring car purchased by His Highness the Prince of Zanzibar, from Messrs. Shrimptons Motors, Ltd., Berkeley Street, W. The colour scheme of the car is cream with beige upholstery, and the wood is edged with white leather

IMPRISONED BY THE PAVEMENT.—Nowadays with the popularity of small cars growing by leaps and bounds, on which particularly low bodies are fitted, an unforeseen difficulty has suddenly made its appearance. A friend of mine paid me a visit the other day, and his car was fitted with only three doors, two of which were on the near side; he pulled up close to the pavement outside my house rather than up the drive to the hall door, as he only intended to stop a minute or two, and when he wished to get out of his car he found the kerbstone was so high that the doors on the near side would not open. Outside my domicile they have recently made up the footpath and, in my opinion, they have made it too high, with the result that I dismissed the incident as of no great importance. Last week, when I took delivery of my own new car, which happens to be smaller than my last vehicle and is fitted with the new-fashioned doors which are particularly deep, I found on two or three occasions that I was imprisoned when I pulled up, as all good motorists should do, close to the pavement. At first sight this state of affairs is somewhat humorous, but on second thoughts it seems to me the position is far more serious than might be imagined. Those of us who travel up and down the country have noticed that during the past twelve months there has been a perfect epidemic of kerbstone laying due, I believe, to the policy of the Ministry of Transport who, I understand, now insist on the provision of a foot-path on any road to the reconstruction of which they contribute.

We may, therefore, contemplate more trouble in this direction of doors which will not open, and before matters become too serious I suggest that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders Limited should get into touch with the Ministry in order to arrive at some minimum dimension for the height of a kerb from the road. Either the Ministry or the Motor Trade will have to give way by either lowering the kerb or making the doors of a car not so deep, otherwise motorists will not pull in close to the kerb and will make their exit towards the middle of the road through the doors which they can open.

(Continued on p. 416)

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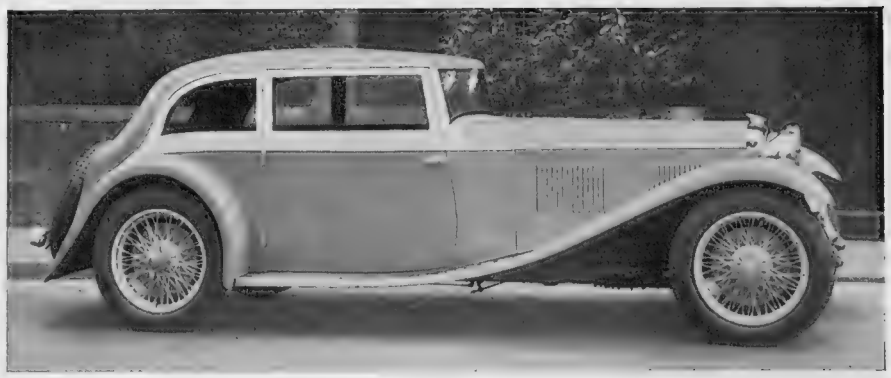
THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 414)

THE BY-PASS PROBLEM.—Time after time I have written in "The Petrol World" my views on what the Government authorities should do with regard to by-pass roads. I have shown times without number that such highways as the Kingston by-pass and the Southend arterial road are going to be quite useless in the course of a few years. Ribbon towns are being built all along them with their shops and their houses full of children. Then in due course new cross-roads appear on these by-passes, creating dangers which they are supposed to remove. To my horror I noticed the other day that on one of these by-passes, probably the busiest in the Metropolitan area, the powers that be have seen fit to erect a colossal school actually bordering the road. Really, it is amazing that people in authority should be completely devoid of the slightest trace of common sense. If anyone were to ask me how they could best stage a tragedy I could not put forward a better idea than to build a school on the frontage of a by-pass road. Truly, we motorists are a long-suffering community to allow our money to be thus wasted without even a protest, for in other countries someone would surely have been hanged on the nearest lamp-post for such sublime stupidity.



A special sports saloon on the famous Alvis Speed Twenty chassis, supplied by Messrs Chas. Follett, Ltd., and driven in the recent R.A.C. Torquay Rally by Mrs. C. B. Hardcastle

ALVIS

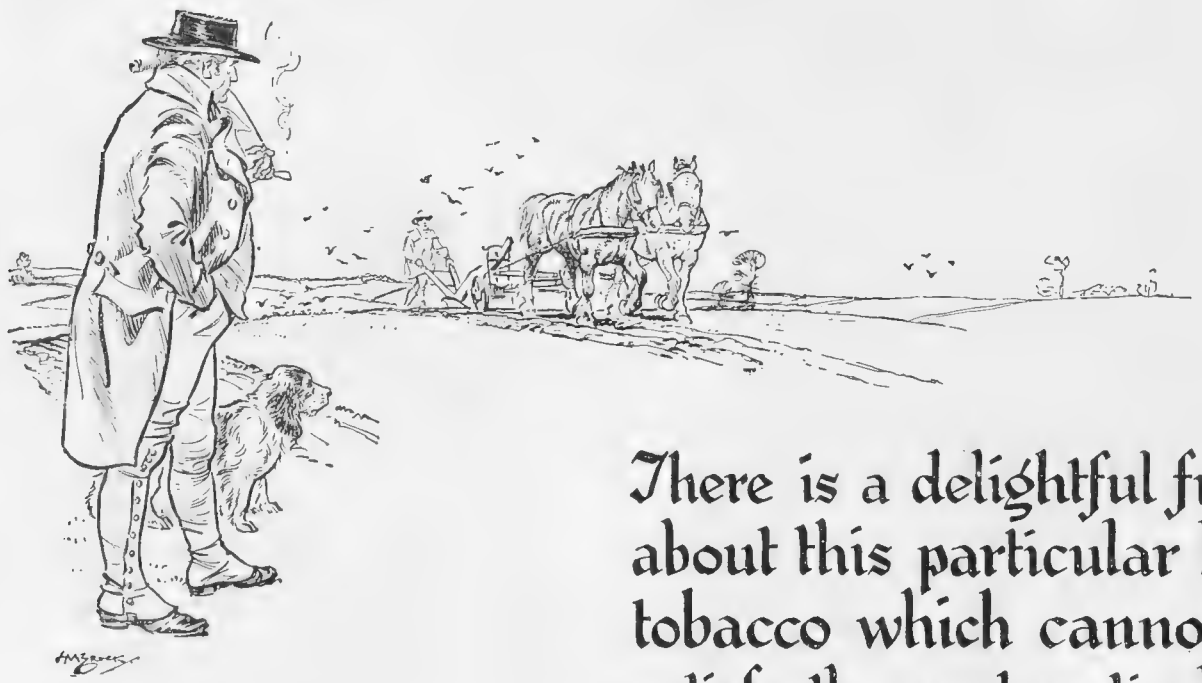
HILLMAN WIZARD

Bound for Buckingham Palace, the new Governor of Bihar and Orissa, Sir James Sifton, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., who is shortly leaving to take up his appointment, is seen above with the Hillman Wizard which is to accompany him to the Orient

A FURTHER TRIUMPH.—A very smart new sports car, known as the "Southern Cross," has been introduced by the Triumph Motor Company. The engine is a 9-h.p. o.h.v. four-cylinder of the type used in the well-known Super Nine car, with a rating of 8.9-h.p. and tax of £9. The chassis is longer than that of the 9-h.p. saloon, the wheel-base being 7 ft. 8½ ins. This allows four adults to be carried in comfort, despite the fact that the bodywork is on most up-to-date sporting lines. The windscreen can be folded forward when not required and two windscreen wipers are provided. An Ashby fitted, spring steering-wheel is and other items of the specification are hydraulic brakes, a four-speed gear-box, semi-elliptic springs all round and a 9-gallon rear-mounted tank. It is stated that the car is capable of speeds approaching seventy miles per hour, and that, in effect, it has the performance of most cars with an annual tax of £12 or more.

THE BABY FORD.—Another new model which has caused a great sensation in the motoring world is the new 8-h.p. Ford. Its recent début at the Albert Hall was the signal for a grand discussion in motoring circles and everyone was prepared to pull it to pieces figuratively. Why people should desire to do so amazes me because Mr. Ford has never yet produced anything which was not successful from every point of view. Unlike our own manufacturers he cannot afford to produce a dud, so although he has now entered a strange field, the doubters should have given him credit for making very careful investigations before he pulled apart the curtains in front of his new model. The new baby Ford is obviously going to sell well, not only in this country but elsewhere, and we must all be thankful that the great organization behind it has decided that it is to be made in this country. I can truthfully say that it is a piece of clever designing and I feel certain that it will go just as well as it looks. The only thing that surprises me regarding the car is its price. Personally I consider it is worth far more in actual value, but I should have thought that with the vast resources of its maker, particularly as it enters a field where competition is very keen, it would have been lower.

RILEY RACERS.—The announcement by Riley (Coventry), Limited, that four special cars are being made to compete in the leading races in 1932 will be welcomed by British motorists. The drivers are to be Messrs. Kaye Don, G. E. T. Eyston, and E. A. D. Eldridge. The cars will make their first appearance in the Junior Car Club's 1,000 miles race to be held at Brooklands on June 3 and 4. Unlike the racing Rileys of past years the new cars will have six-cylinder engines and will compete in the one-and-a-half litre class. The engines will be of the type used in the well-known Alpine and Stelvio Riley models, but in appearance the new racers will closely resemble the familiar 9-h.p. Brooklands Riley cars which have scored so many successes.



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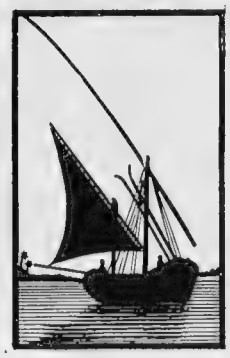

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BOOKS—(Continued from p. 400)

Mr. Frederick Chamberlain is a stethoscopic biographer. He is more concerned with what is in the blood than in the brain. He went round the doctors with Queen Elizabeth's medical sheet and found she had a syphilitic taint from her father, Henry VIII. Now Mr. Chamberlain is perturbed because he finds he has maligned the character of Henry, and presents us with a formidable book clearing the blood, if not the character, of the much-married monarch. Even his way with his wives Mr. Chamberlain finds condonable. At the end a much whitewashed monarch is presented to us. It must be said in extenuation of *The Private Character of Henry VIII* (Bodley Head. 18s.) that Mr. Chamberlain is scrupulous in the matter of facts. I could wish he were as scrupulous in his deductions, for I cannot help feeling that he has a clinical thermometer in his bonnet. The method pursued is the preparation of a complete medical record of the monarch, and of his children, which is then submitted to a panel of doctors. After my own experience of the consulting room I should say that an ounce of theory often becomes worth pounds in the nursing home; it is a healthy man who can read his own medical sheet, and dine easily at Simpson's. Still, it is heartening to know that Elizabeth's genius was not due to her father's misbehaviour. I am at least very grateful to Mr. Chamberlain for his exposure of that monstrous rubbish, Francis Hackett's *Henry VIII*, which sold 100,000 copies in U.S.A. and 20,000 in this country; thereby proving that bad books have strong circulations owing to the weak heads of critics. Nor does the late Lytton Strachey emerge very well from Mr. Chamberlain's searching examination. I always maintained that he was a shameless manipulator of facts. Here is someone who agrees with me, and does not join the braying chorus: "His Queen Victoria was grotesquely faulty, inadequate and misleading; and in spite of the demonstrable fact his conception of Elizabeth in the Essex book is quite as wrong as his view of the later sovereign."

Three hundred and eighty pages, immense labour, tireless research, the most scrupulous documentation, Mr. Chamberlain gives us all this to prove that Henry VIII was a reasonable, healthy, pleasant character. I fear it is labour in vain. We have grown to love our Henry diseased, fickle, cantankerous. Generations of timid men applaud his short way with women.

It is perhaps asking too much for us to seek from Mr. Neil M. Gunn another novel as good as *Morning Tide*. In this fourth novel, *The Lost Glen* (Porpoise Press. 7s. 6d.), he writes well but not remarkably. This is the story of a young man who returns in disgrace from the university and earns a livelihood at a Northern fishing hotel. It is a sensitive story full of quiet observation of character, with a consciousness of scenic beauty.

Miss D. K. Broster's work always fills me with pleasurable anticipation. This time we meet her in the rôle of short story writer. *A Fire of Driftwood* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). There are thirteen stories in this book and one is most in luck with the thirteenth. As usual she is concerned with the period of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. The story of the window whose fall almost guillotined a young English officer in France has an extraordinary Poe-like gruesomeness, mixed with the particular blend of chivalrous romance in which Miss Broster is a specialist.

PLAYS—(Continued from p. 401)

run at the Apollo Theatre, is a remarkably tactful and sympathetic piece of work. The same praise also applies to Mr. Albert de Courville's production. It would have been so easy to strike a wrong note with this most poignant little drama.

Here is the story—it may be remembered—of a young French soldier who, haunted by the memory of a certain German opponent whom he *knows* he killed, seeks out the dead man's parents in order to ask their forgiveness. He is unable, when he does find them, to confess, except to the fiancée of the dead German. An unlikely tale, but an impressive one, if occasionally on the morbid side. Mr. Emlyn Williams has just the right touch as the young Frenchman, and the tenderness, and at the same time the power of Mr. Norman McKinnel and Miss Louise Houston as the parents I shall not readily forget.

I did not see the remodelled *Punchinello* at the Globe, mainly because I am convinced that no amount of tinkering can make a thundering bad play into a good, or even a passable one. But Mr. Maurice Browne is much to be commended for his pluck and sportsmanship in giving it another chance, even if his action does open up a dreadful possibility of being confronted a second time with every piece which runs a night or so.

FROM HUDSON'S BAY TO THE HEART OF LONDON

(Continued from p. 395)

jewellery, and so they would sooner be given one than a diamond. One of the problems of the Hudson's Bay Company is how to popularize the fur seal again. Real sealskin as worn by our grandmothers is inexpensive, hard-wearing, and is much nicer to look at than, say, sheared musquash (and most of the other imitation furs). The chances are that with the swing of the pendulum towards everything Victorian, sealskin will soon come back into favour once more. Already it is creeping back from the ignominy, six years ago, of being sold as leather at a shilling a skin, and is being made up into coats.

This rise and fall in the smartness of individual furs is one of the romances of the business. Six hundred years ago ermine was the exclusive prerogative of the Royal Family in England. Even now it is used in almost all State robes, the rank and position of the wearer being in many cases indicated by the presence, absence, or disposition of the black spots. Did you know that? In heraldry, too, fur plays a big part. "Gules" means furs dyed red—dating back from the Crusaders, whose composite troops could only recognise their leaders by the fur blazons, which distinguished them like Divisional marks in the last War, and which they handed down to their descendants in memory of their knightly prowess. In the same way heraldically sable means black; ermine and vair (squirrel fur) are two other heraldic "tinctures." To-day you can easily win a bet by wagering that at least nine out of the next ten women passing you in Regent Street or Bond Street will be wearing some kind of fur on them. I know, because I lost this bet three times running because I did not believe it. Now I am entirely fur-conscious. The fur may be rabbit or cat or rat; round the collar or on the cuffs or somewhere else you will see it. The times, presumably, will never return to the halcyon days before the French Revolution in Paris when the Duchess of Chartres went to the opera ball in a sable cloak of double fur, inside and out, with a train of sable two yards long. But as long as women remain elementary feminine, which really means primitive and barbaric, so long will the fur business thrive. It is only a pity that some effort is not made to weed out the fakers and to have some national mark whereby imitation fur, however good, is classed as such, so that the public can have complete confidence in what it is buying.

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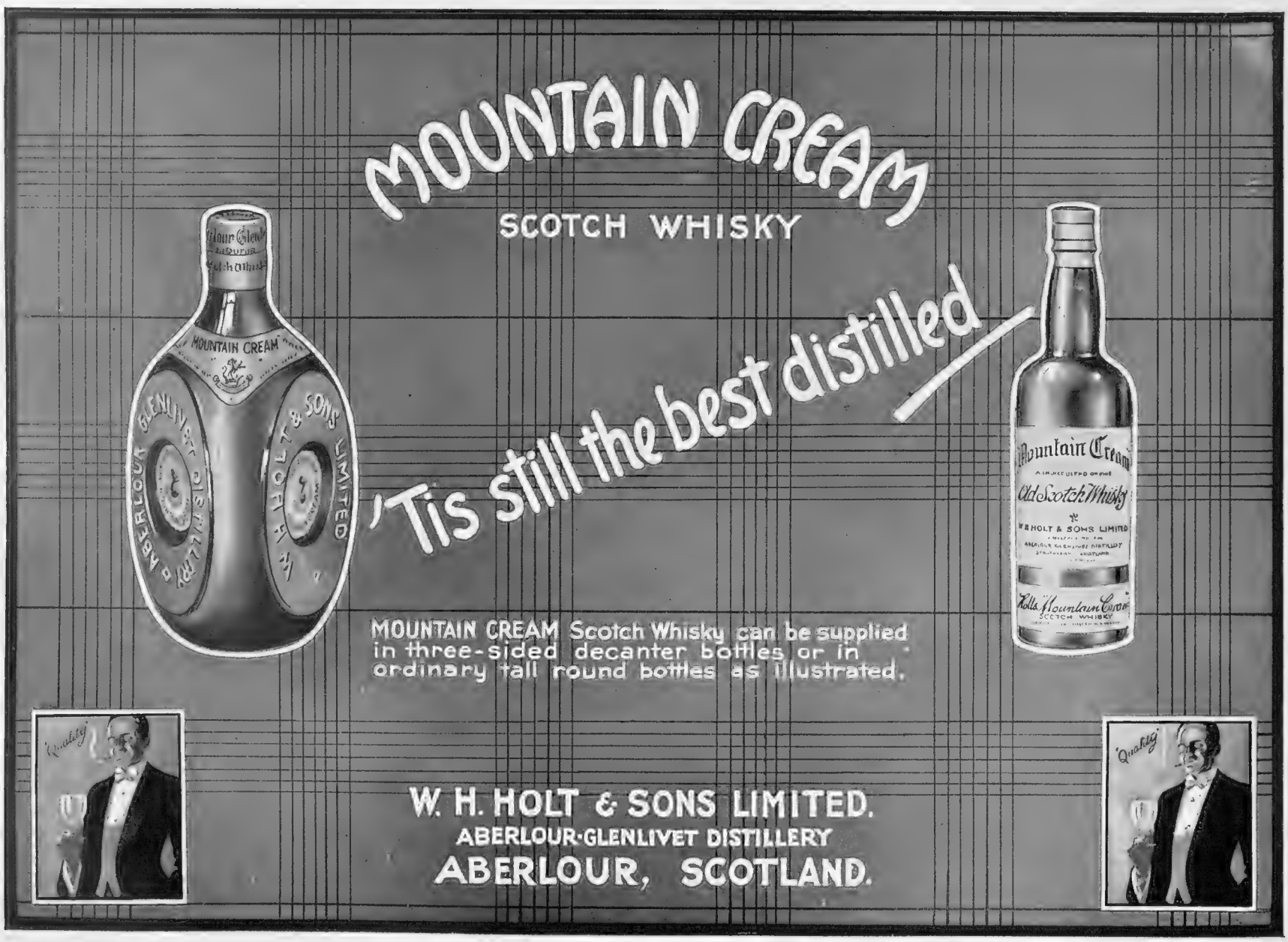
In these difficult times the children must not be forgotten. The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship find it more difficult every day to obtain the necessary finances to carry on their great work of maintaining 1,100 children in the various Homes and Training Ship *Arethusa*. Do not let the children suffer! Please send a donation to the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



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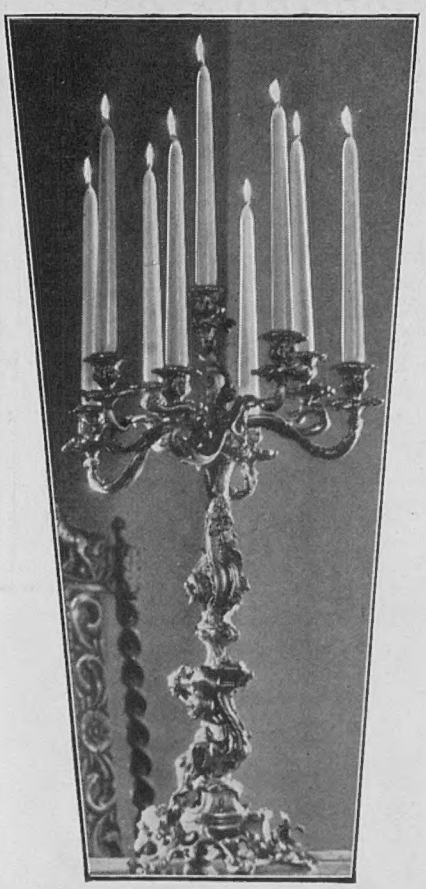

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GERMANY AND HER COLONIES

(Continued from p. 389)

the Foreign Legion, admittedly the best soldiers in it! We were so keen colonially that at one time there existed nearly five hundred societies in the Fatherland, for feeding our possessions. Even to sending out German hausfraus! And all the immense wealth we sunk in the colonies—do you think we should not be credited with some of it, on the Reparations balance sheet? And all the exiled Germans—only in one territory, South-West were they really taken back as a matter of policy."

However, I wanted to know just how Germany proposed to benefit materially by having colonies again at this juncture. Alone Britain and Holland seem really to have made their overseas possessions pay. France may do so some day but at present at least Equatorial Africa and Indo-China are drags. They each produce man-power, however, which is another story.

Nor is it an established truth that countries necessarily require colonies to come by raw materials. Take Scandinavia, for instance.

But I fear I did not make much inroad with my Germans, even on quoting their own pertinent saying of long ago: "Our fertile colonies are unhealthy and our unhealthy ones fertile." "Colonies can be most expensive luxuries," I suggested. "No one desires to make the Reich any weaker, economically."

I know what my good Germans were thinking of, as they waived the bare thought aside. At Munich there is a huge evergreen wreath permanently inscribed "To the Colonies." Germans are beginning ardently to want that wreath away. Whether they will have much success with their present economic line of argument, however, appears doubtful. In 1919 we may well have stressed the bad and passed over the good in the German Colonial story. That does not alter the fact that Germany's overseas adventures were freely financial failures.

NOTES AND NEWS

MORRIS-ATCO

The Atco Service Organization covers the whole of the British Isles and has twelve depots, each equipped to deal with the "servicing" of any of the 35,000 Atco Mowers in use. The new Morris vehicles just acquired will still further increase the facilities of the Atco people whose service depots are already known for their promptness and efficiency—and it is fitting that the all-British Morris should be chosen to transport the equally all-British Atcos to their many homes throughout the country. Incidentally Charles H. Pugh, Ltd., of Birmingham, the manufacturers of Atco machines, have developed their service organization to a remarkable degree and have described it most interestingly in booklet form, for distribution to those interested.

BRIGHTER OUTLOOK FOR THE POTTERIES

Mrs. Ronald Copeland, M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent, speaking recently at a luncheon given by the manufacturers of Spode china to leading members of the British china and earthenware trade, said that this British industry owed its continued existence during the last four critical years to the safeguarding that had been extended to it in 1928. Foreign potteries could not compete with the best British potteries on quality china and earthenware, and could only secure sales by price-cutting and lowering the standard of living of their work-people. Now that the new 50 per cent. tariff had been imposed upon all imported pottery except translucent china tableware (which is already protected) she looked forward to a still greater prosperity for the industry, both at home and overseas.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

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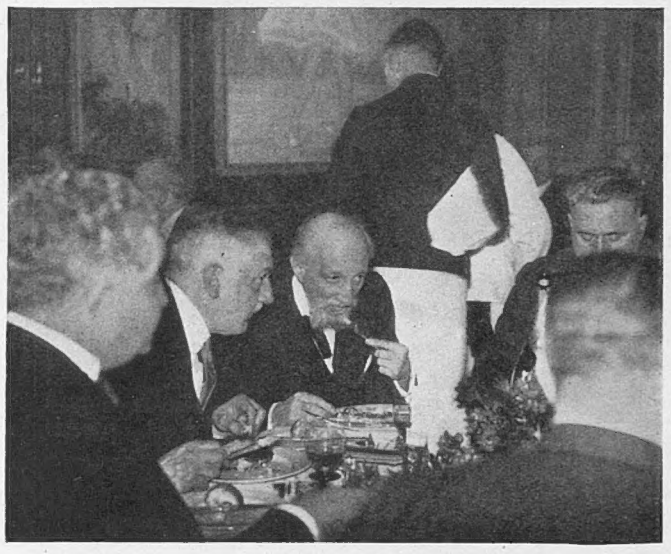

A DISTINGUISHED LUNCHEON PARTY: M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador, entertains his friends at the reopening of the Chatham Restaurant, Jermyn Street—a welcome addition to London's gastronomical repertoire

BRITISH BUYS BRITISH: The six new Morris commercial vehicles, seen outside the Morris works in Soho, are the latest addition to the service fleet of the famous Atco Motor Mower organization—another all-British concern

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Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Power is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Take Kutnow's Powder regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

It discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of time.

Remarkable results follow this method.

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Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

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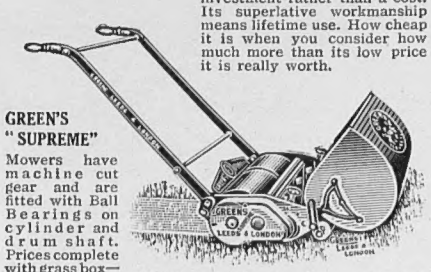

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Bangor (Co. Down) - Royal Hotel
Barmouth - Marine Hotel
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Do. - The Old Hall Hotel
Callander - Dreadnought Hotel
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Chagford - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - Ellenborough Hotel
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Do. - Pyatt's Hotel
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Do. - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - Grand Hotel
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Do. - The Palace Hotel
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Fowey - Riverside Hotel
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Gorleston-on-Sea - The Pier Hotel
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Greenock - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - Hardwicke Hotel
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Do. - Eversfield Hotel
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Do. - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - Grand Hotel
Do. - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - Hennapyn Private Hotel
Do. - Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - Osborne Hotel
Do. - Palace Hotel
Do. - Palm Court Hotel
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Worthing - Steyne Hotel

Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic.

He Decided to Try the "Tote."

Sir Edward: "Good gracious, Freddy, have a brandy and soda. You look a sight. Been playing Rugger, or just come from a bargain sale?"

Freddy: "Almost as bad. I've been racing. Decided to try the 'Tote,' took a hundred with me, and before I'd been on the racecourse five minutes, it had gone—pocket picked."

Sir Edward: "Bad luck or carelessness?"

Freddy: "Little of each, I suppose. However, that wasn't so serious. I met Bob and borrowed a century from him."

Sir Edward: "A hundred to the bad before the first race."

Freddy: "Yes; then the trouble started. Got a good tip a few minutes before the 'Off,' dashed to the 'Tote,' found hundreds more all trying to get on at the last moment; had a real scrimmage to get my tickets."

Sir Edward: "Most unpleasant. Did you back the winner?"

Freddy: "Yes; but I had to queue up in the pouring rain to get my winnings—was barged into right and left, and to cap it all I never backed another winner. I'm disgusted and fed up! You look jolly comfortable. What have you been doing?"

Sir Edward: "Been sitting here doing in comfort exactly what you've been trying to do—back winners. What's more, I've succeeded in backing four—full 'Tote' odds, too."

Freddy: "How's that possible?"

Sir Edward: "Why, simply by taking advantage of Duggie's wonderful service, 'a "Tote" in every Telegraph Office.' He should have added 'in every home,' because 'phoning is as easy as telegraphing."

Freddy: "But how about when you are at the races, one has to go to the 'Tote' then?"

Sir Edward: "Not at all—you can wire him up to the 'Off.' Besides, one retains one's dignity, and settles Monday, like a gentleman. That's why I'm so *enthusiastic* about Duggie."

Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON

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